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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 25, 1875.

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AN ABSURD IDEA!

UNCLE SAM—"Hold on, Kelley, you foolish fellow! You don't suppose I'm going to set up your Rag-money Scarecrow in place of my old statue of Justice, do you?"

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
 537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
 NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 25, 1875.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established illustrated newspaper in America.

The brilliant novelist, Frank Lee Benedict, recognized by the literary critics of Great Britain and America as one of the foremost writers of romance of the time, has written for FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER a novel of great power and interest, entitled "Madame." This will be published serially, and commences in No. 539, now ready. To seekers for refreshing and healthy fiction out of the stereotyped channel of the "average novel," a treat is now in store. The announcement that it will be illustrated by Hyde is a guarantee of the best support to Mr. Benedict's admirable work that could be afforded by the pencil in illustrating the spirit of the romance. Among the other contributors this week are Harriet Irving, Jane G. Austin, General Ganier d'Alain, Jennie Davis Burton, S. Annie Frost, and Frank Mercer, who contribute "Into the Jaws of Death," "Aunt Betsey Higgins," "A Tiger Hunt in Cochise China," "The Great Hope Mine," "Stephanie," and "Florella," with illustrations by Hyde, Miranda, Berghaus, and Taylor. The Editor, in his Leader, gives wholesome advice on the mistaken zeal of American youth to get rich suddenly—his caption, "Waiting," with Longfellow's well-known line, "Learn to labor and to wait," serving as the text. The CHIMNEY CORNER is to be had of all newsdealers, or sent postpaid by the publisher. Single copies for ten cents; one year for \$4. Accompanying No. 539 is a beautiful Gift Plate, entitled "Making Nets."

NEW YORK POLITICS.

THE Democratic State Convention has not a very difficult task before it. It has only to nominate a ticket which shall command the confidence of the public, and again adopt its platform of last year, with the addition of a resolution commendatory of Governor Tilden's course, and victory is assured. Fortunately inflation is not rampant in the State of New York, and the people can elect which ticket they like best, without giving their sanction to financial folly and wickedness. The Republican Convention, which was held at Saratoga on the 8th inst., did nothing towards undermining the Democratic strength. Both their ticket and platform are weak, and every one who is in the habit of watching the movements of politicians with his mind's eye sees hoisted over them a flag of distress.

Look, first, at the platform. What a farce it is for them to "demand honesty, economy and efficiency in every branch of the State and National Administrations, those Administrations under their management having within the last fifteen years become more dishonest, extravagant and inefficient than was ever dreamed of before their party took charge of them! What a mockery for them to demand "prompt investigation of all charges of wrong-doing, and summary exposure, prosecution and punishment of wrong-doers," when there is so much that they dare not investigate, and so many that they have not the nerve either to expose, prosecute or punish! There is Delano, for instance—nay, worse than he, there is Grant himself. Why is Des Ames, the ex-deputy collector and silk smuggler, not brought to trial? How much more courage is required to do than to resolve? Another piece of trumpery is the fifth resolution—the humbug in the third and fourth being so transparent that we pass them over without comment. It is not even necessary to write across them, "This is gammon." But the fifth resolution reads as follows:

"The Republican Party has proved itself from the beginning the party of practical reform and sound economy. In the affairs of this State it has, within the last four years, provided for the payment of \$20,000,000 of the Public Debt, and practically extinguished the general State indebtedness, and by this action has made it certain that the tax for the next year will be reduced about \$5,000,000."

Now let us see what is the trouble about this matter of the State debt. The reduction of the debt is made imperative by the provisions of the State Constitution which was adopted in 1846, ten years before the Republican Party came into existence! That instrument expressly ordains that the State shall incur no indebtedness, except in time of war or invasion, unless by the express vote of the people, and that all bonds of the State shall be redeemed within eighteen years, and that a

special tax shall be levied each year of sufficient amount to extinguish every issue of bonds at the time of their maturity. Without that wise provision of the Constitution, the State of New York would now be loaded down with at least sixty millions of bonds. Bonds would have been issued for the new Capitol, the Elmira Reformatory, the Buffalo, Poughkeepsie, Willard and Middletown Insane Asylums, and other monuments of Albany extravagance, crime and folly, which of late years have cost the tax-payers so many millions. It is more than probable that several other public buildings would have been started, such as a new prison in place of the one at Sing Sing, could taxation for them been avoided. "Practical reform and sound economy!"—tell this to the marines. Where our ancestors of fifty years ago would have spent fifty thousand dollars on a structure, this Albany administration spends a million, never finishes anything, and continues to call for millions. Would that every voter of the State could look upon the Elmira Reformatory, the Buffalo Asylum, the Poughkeepsie Asylum and the new Capitol, none of them yet half finished. Would that every man who approached the ballot-box at an election were required to commit to memory and recite the vast sums that have already been squandered on these edifices. Not even the brazen impudence of a platform scribbler would then dare to fabricate such a fable as this shameless boast of "practical reform and sound economy." As well might Tweed stand by the side of his unfinished Court House and call heaven to witness that he never appropriated a dollar that he did not honestly earn by the sweat of his brow.

But let us have done with the platform. It contains not a word of commendation for Governor Tilden, and not a syllable for the encouragement of temperance men and prohibitionists. The hypocrites of the party have faced about, and instead of pious efforts to save the poor drunkard, they now profess their willingness to suffer martyrdom in defense of the public schools. Yet they still permit the Atlantic Ocean to be exposed to the scorching rays of a Summer sun without a protest! After this they appropriately close with a sort of evening hymn to Grant and his administration, as smooth and harmonious as a sextet in an Italian opera.

The ticket is rather of a miscellaneous character, made up, like a Cannibal Island meat-pie, of those who can best be spared. For Comptroller, the most important office to be voted for, we have the venerable Spinner, that accomplished muddler of the National finance accounts who has caused everybody to abandon in disgust the effort to discover where the public money goes to. Being a 3.65 inflationist and in favor of turning the public debt into irredeemable assignats, it is highly complimentary to the people of New York to present him for their support on a platform which professes hostility to inflation. Frederick W. Seward, for Secretary of State, is not a politician, has a good name and will shine in the obituary. General Merritt, for Treasurer, is the best of the Liberals, and it costs the Custom House nothing if he is defeated. The candidate for State Prison Inspector, the Rev. Benoni J. Ives, a live Methodist and prison chaplain, is the last of the forlorn hope, following three names for Attorney-General, State Engineer and Canal Commissioner of men who are also unknown to fame and are morally certain to continue in the obscurity of private life. Meanwhile Governor Tilden and his Commission go quietly on, uncovering the rascality of Republican State officers and making canal contractors "squeal." We are glad it is going to be a quiet campaign.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

ON Monday, the 6th of the present month, the Summer vacation having expired, the public schools were opened for the Winter campaign. It is an interesting season for the young people. They come back refreshed and invigorated, mind and body rested, ready for fresh contests, and ambitious to add, ere another vacation season comes round, fresh triumphs to those already won. In some cases there may be regret at leaving the country or the seaside, where the vacation hours had so swiftly and so sweetly glided past; but in the great majority of instances the situation is accepted without murmur, and regret is more than counterbalanced by elasticity of spirit and bounding hope. The season is not less interesting to the general public. Not to speak of the joys of reunion, and all the little comforts which are resumed when the different members of the family are gathered together, after temporary wanderings, there is the natural interest which is taken by the American people in the education of the young. It is the interest not of one, but of all. And it is natural and proper that it should be so. In a country like this, where we have no hereditary ruling class, the welfare of the community and the prosperity of the Union are mainly dependent on the intelligence, wisdom and rectitude of the individual citizen. Education, therefore, cannot be too highly prized. In building up and sustaining the nation, it plays an all-important part. We cannot have intelligence and wisdom in the rising youth of our day, unless they are properly taught; nor can we expect to

find in them correct notions of right and wrong, and a high sense of honor, unless they are trained and fortified by moral precept and by moral example. Hitherto our Free Public Schools have proved themselves admirably adapted to these high ends; and not unnaturally the annual opening after vacation time commands the attention and interest of the great body of the American people.

It is not possible, in truth, to exaggerate the importance of the public school. It has done great things for the Republic. Most undoubtedly we owe much to our boundless extent of territory, to the rich fertility of the soil, to our vast mineral wealth; but these would not have built up, in the course of one hundred years, the greatest republic which the world has known since the days of ancient Rome. Natural advantages have been greatly in our favor, and they are not to be despised; but it required the intelligent mind and the skillful hand to turn these natural advantages to account, and to make them a means of prosperity and wealth.

The founders of the Republic very wisely saw and confessed the importance of the education of the people; and from the beginning of our national history the teacher has followed close upon the heels of the settler, wherever he has gone, and the school has invariably formed a conspicuous object in the rising village. The result is that the ability to read and write and cipher, at least, has come to be regarded as, in a sense, the birth-right of every American-born citizen; and the superior intelligence of our people, taken as a whole, as compared with any other people on the face of the globe—a superiority which is generally conceded—is unquestionably largely due to the influence of the public school. Many of our ablest statesmen have sprung from the ranks of the working classes, and not a few of them have been proud to confess that they owed the success which attended them, in after years, to the lessons which they received and to the principles which they imbibed at the common village or district school. A nation which has so progressed in so limited a space of time, which has come forth triumphantly from a great revolutionary and a great civil war, and which owes its self-governing power largely to the influence of a common system of education, has no reason to disesteem that system, but, on the contrary, has every reason to feel proud of it, and to prize it as an essential to its very life.

It is not, of course, contended that the Free Public School system which has come to be generally adopted over the length and breadth of the land is free from defect or incapable of improvement. It would be simply absurd to put forth such a claim. Defects do exist; and improvement is, at once, possible and desirable. Although we have but little sympathy with some of the complaints which are made against the public schools, we are not unwilling to admit that, considering the quarters from which they arise, they are not unnatural. It is claimed by the Roman Catholics that the public schools, as at present managed, are Protestant institutions; and they demand separate schools, and special endowments for the same. It would seem, from the action taken in different States, that our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens are agreed upon this point, and that they intend to push their claims. It will be foolish to do so. They cannot win. Such a concession would prove destructive of the whole public school system. It would encourage sectarian demands in all directions; and as it would not be possible to resist these demands, sectarian schools—Roman Catholic, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopalian and others—would cover the land, and the good old common school would be no more. Such division of educational labor would be a curse to the country. It does not at all surprise us to learn that the framers of the Saratoga Platform have deemed it convenient, however premature it may be, to "denounce as fatal to liberty any sectarian assault upon the public school system." If agreement is impossible otherwise, let the schools be made purely secular institutions, and let the teaching of religion be relegated to the separate churches. Bible reading is not at all a necessity of the public school system. In other directions improvement is greatly more needed. It is lamentable to think that after all our boasting of our public schools, seventeen per cent. of the male and twenty-three per cent. of the female population of the United States can neither write nor read, and that into this estimate foreign immigration does not enter as an appreciable element. It is shown, by recent statistics, that there are now among our young people, from the years of ten to five, who are certain to grow up illiterate, no fewer than six million six hundred and twenty-one thousand and eighty-six. About sixty-eight per cent. only of the whole population are able to read and write. Such a state of things does not reflect much credit on the public school system. It does not show that the system is not able to meet the requirements of the country. It only shows that it has not done it, and that there is need for improvement and extension. The example which the State of New York is about to set to the Union may prove a step in the right direction. Let the standard of education be raised; let the teachers be more fully qualified for their work; let there be an increase in the number of male teachers employed; let the sessions be

in some instances lengthened; let the compulsory system be more generally adopted; and, unless we greatly mistake, the public school will be found adequate to meet all the demands which may be made upon it. What is wanted is greater efficiency, with a wider extension.

BOOK AND NEWSPAPER.

THE recent failure of one of the leading publishing houses in Boston and New York was due probably, in the main, to the depressed condition of business. In common with all other branches of industry, the book business has suffered loss from the economy enforced by the panic of two years ago. But this is not the only cause that has been at work to alter the condition of this particular industry. Times have changed in regard to literature and its vendors. The newspaper has come to the front to do battle with the book, and to send its competitor into the back-ground.

With the invention of printing the book became a power. In the scarcity of schools and the absence of periodicals, it became a necessity in every household where education was known. Public libraries were few, and their treasures were so jealously guarded as to be inaccessible to the multitude. The circulating library was not thought of, and those who could not purchase were compelled to rely on the charity and good-nature of neighbors who could be persuaded to lend. It may be added here, by way of parenthesis, that the borrowing mania has not decreased, as it should, through the multiplication of publishing firms. Books are looked upon by many good people in the same light as umbrellas, viz., as articles that everybody should be willing to lend, taking their own risk of having them returned. They are apt to be treated, too, as possessions without any value of their own.

Half a century ago a library was a necessity in every well-ordered household, and one could always form a tolerably accurate judgment of the character of his host by inspecting the volumes that lined his library. There were certain ponderous volumes in ancient and modern classical literature that must always enrich a gentleman's shelves, and beyond that point he had liberty to develop his hobby of theological, scientific or fictitious lore. At this time it occurred to certain philanthropic souls that it would be well to establish public libraries in our large cities and towns, that should be accessible to the general public on the payment of a small fee, or that should be absolutely free. There are several of these in the city of New York which are patronized by thousands of either sex, who find there all the mental pabulum they need, and consequently never think of purchasing books for themselves. Instead of being compelled to save his money laboriously for the purchase of some much-desired volume, the fortunate youth of to-day finds that by the payment of a few dollars the whole range of literature is opened to him. The change is not very beneficial to the publishers, who discover that the demand for their books does not by any means keep pace with the increase of population, but it is a decided public gain. Information is widely diffused at a comparatively trifling cost.

It is the newspaper, however, which has mainly superseded the book as the vehicle of popular information, and is destined still further to usurp its functions. In the term newspaper are included periodicals of all sorts—magazines, weekly illustrated journals, and the special organs of entertainment for young and old. The newspaper takes the lead, with its daily unfolding of the tragedy and comedy of life, pushing its way into every household and making itself as much a necessity as the food which supports the body. The journal of literature and entertainment presses it hard, however. There is not the family so poor that it will deny itself its periodical. The working-girl, riding in the dingy cars to her ill-paid labor, rests her mind in the fictitious joys or woes of the heroine of her favorite weekly journal. The boy at school counts the days that elapse between each installment of adventure that has enchanted his fancy in the juvenile magazine for which his pocket-money is spent. The mechanic takes his newspaper out in the dinner hour, and as he munches his frugal meal reads and meditates upon the scientific problem that has set his mind at rest and started him on the road to fame and fortune.

Matters have changed wonderfully, in a single generation, in regard to those who have charge of journalistic enterprises. A new profession has risen up in that time and taken its place among men, to claim and receive its share of honor and emolument. The periodical, of whatever scope it may be, has become a power. It no longer does out a scanty budget of news, or contents itself with a few sentimental stories and verses. The whole horizon is enlarged. The daily press photographs the world. The periodical repeats the picture in miniature, complete in all its details, and then supplements it with such an epitome of history, science, art and general information, as must delight the heart of a student, while the whole is set in a framework of choice fiction. As such, it is a welcome visitor at the fireside. It has a word for everybody. It receives many a welcome, because it comes not as a visitor only once—like a book—but

each week or month. Every fresh advent brings new gladness and receives new welcome.

With such a competitor, it is useless for the book, however attractive, to strive. The delight that the one gives is brief, that of the other is perpetual. But in saying this, let it not be understood that the publication of books is to cease. On the contrary, the public will probably be the gainers, because the publishers will cease to inflict upon them light and ephemeral volumes which it were better should be consigned to oblivion. Sterling books will always be in demand. The world will always be glad to hear from its great men who can command an audience living or dead. But the fashion of rushing into print between covers of muslin or calf, whether one has anything special to say or not, may gratify the next generation by taking its departure. Then those who purchase books may be sure that they have something in return for their expenditure.

Of late years it has happened that many of our distinguished authors appear before the public in periodicals before they place themselves in the hands of the publishers. They are thus secure of a large and appreciative audience, and the purchasers of our journals are certain that they will always get large returns for their outlay. In the history of our periodical enterprises, there has been no expense spared to procure the best possible food for the mind. The cost has been enormous, but it has paid for itself. The man who finds that his weekly journal is a library of entertainment and information will not part with it at any price. He will no longer dream almost hopelessly of the time in the far future when he may be able to fill his shelves with inviting literature, since he has in his hands the guide and teacher he needs. He has already reaped the best fruit of the friendly warfare that has been waging between the newspaper and the book.

A WEEK OF CONVENTIONS.

THE week ending Saturday, the 11th, was distinguished for the number of political and other conventions which were held in different parts of the country. We have had the Ohio Convention, the Saratoga Convention, the Convention at Erie, the Convention at Milwaukee, the Anti-Monopoly Convention at Cincinnati, and others. Of these the most important in their influence on their respective parties was the Republican Convention held at Saratoga and the Democratic Convention held at Erie. It is becoming more and more apparent that one of the greatest questions to be determined at the forthcoming elections is the question of the currency. The Ohio Democrats have gone in for inflation in the most pronounced manner. Their example has been followed by the Democrats of Pennsylvania, who, at Erie, voted in favor of inflation in the ratio of two to one. The Wisconsin Democrats who met at Milwaukee on the 8th instant, followed a conservative course and called "for sound currency in coin or its equivalent." It is to be hoped for the good of the Democratic Party that there are other States in the country in which, in the matter of finance, they will reveal a conservative tendency. There is great reason, however, to fear that the examples of Ohio and Pennsylvania will exercise a contagious influence, and that inflation will become a plank, if not the principal plank, in the Democratic platform at the Presidential election of next year. No doubt, much depends on New York; and Governor Tilden may yet have power enough to keep the Democratic Party on the right track. The Inflationists have found no favor or encouragement in these pages. It is our opinion now, as it has always been, that we can have no genuine prosperity until we come back to real, and get rid of fictitious, values. Inflation might be an immediate advantage, but it would be the kind of advantage which a fresh loan brings to the spendthrift who is not unwilling allowing himself to float to ruin. We shall grievously regret to see the Democratic Party flinging away all its chances for ultimate and permanent success by yielding to an immediate temptation. The sound sense of the American people is opposed to the increase of what, with some contempt, they have learned to designate as rag-money. If inflation is not made the watchword of the Democratic Party, they have a fair chance to make the White House their own in 1876. The Republicans seem quite prepared to fight them upon that issue; and unless some sudden revolution of sentiment takes place, "sound currency in coin, or its equivalent," will carry the day. The introduction of the Catholic school question into the Republican platform at Saratoga shows to what straits the party is reduced. The Democrats should be wise in time.

RAPID TRANSIT.

IT is now reasonable to conclude that New York will, at an early day, come in for whatever advantages may result from one or more lines of steam-cars running the entire length of the city from the Battery to Harlem. At Harlem, or in the immediate neighborhood, already existing lines can be brought into requisition. The decision arrived at by the Board of Aldermen, although a little too

vague and general, must be regarded as a gain to the whole body of the people. It was decided that New York should have rapid transit; and four different routes were agreed upon. A day later, and the charter which secured to the Aldermen the right of deciding upon the routes would have expired, the question of rapid transit would have remained unsolved, and been perhaps indefinitely put off. It is something to know that our Aldermen have made up their minds that rapid transit is needed and that it must be had. The preliminary difficulty is over. Two difficulties still remain; but it is gratifying to know that in the opinion of persons in every way qualified to judge, these difficulties are not by any means insurmountable. Money is hard to get in these times; but in this case rich returns are so certain, that we need have no fear regarding the needed capital. Property-owners will, no doubt, offer strong opposition; and they will use every kind of influence, legitimate and illegitimate, to thwart the enterprise, if it does not bring sufficient money into their coffers. They can do no more, however, than make the best bargain possible. The law will come to the aid of the enterprise; and the stubborn and unreasoning will be compelled to yield. The most determined opposition will come from the Third Avenue Railway Company, one of the wealthiest corporations in the city; but the secret of this opposition will be so illy concealed that public opinion will storm it down. It may be years before it is found possible to build each of the four railroads contemplated, and already agreed upon. Two of these, however, ought to be, and we trust will be, proceeded with at once. The Greenwich Street Railroad is to be extended along the west side of the city; and it is not expected that any serious obstacles will be encountered in carrying out the work. On the east side we are to have a road running through the Bowery and along Third Avenue to Harlem Bridge. This road is an absolute necessity; and, although it is certain to encounter all the opposition of the horse-car company on that route, it must be carried out without any unnecessary delay. Rapid Transit has for many years been the crying want of New York city; and now that the initial step has been taken, there is hope that an honest attempt will be made to take away what must be regarded as a reproach, and to remove the inconvenience. Within two years from now we ought to have two lines of railroad, running direct from the Battery to Harlem and to Westchester, in full working order. The Board of Aldermen are entitled to the thanks of the community for what they have done. But the people expect that they will push on to completion what they have begun. Let us have two roads without delay. The others, already projected, will follow in good time.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING SEPTEMBER 11, 1875.

Monday.....114½ @ 115	Thursday.....115½ @ 115½
Tuesday.....114½ @ 115½	Friday.....115½ @ 116½
Wednesday.....114½ @ 115½	Saturday.....116½ @ 116½

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE PRESIDENT'S BROTHER, MR. ORVILLE GRANT, gives very frankly his reasons for retiring from the Indian service: "There is no money in it any longer."

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN WYOMING, after a fair trial, has resulted, in the opinion of the best informed, according to the *Rocky Mountain News*, "in making everything just as it was before, only a little more so." The practical result has not been very significant in any direction.

CARDINAL McCLOSKEY was visited on September 10th by a deputation on behalf of the American residents in Rome, both Catholic and Protestant. An address was presented to His Eminence, together with more substantial tokens of regard in the shape of a complete Cardinal's dress and a mitre set with precious stones.

TWO ITALIAN ORGAN-GRINDERS were arrested the other day at the Grand Central Depot, in New York city, with skillfully counterfeited bank-bills in their possession. But this is by no means the only time that Italian organ-grinders have been detected "issuing false notes." We wish they could always be caught and punished for it.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR opened on September 9th with the promise of a fine exhibition, notwithstanding the confusion which seems to prevail on the opening of all exhibitions, great or small. This confusion is mainly due to the dilatoriness of exhibitors, and, in this instance, it will doubtless be remedied within a few days.

THE BLOODLESS DUEL between two St. Louis journalists, on the 4th of September, grew out of a discussion over the refusal of citizens of Winnebago County to let Jefferson Davis speak there. The general tone of the press with regard to this encounter does not indicate much respect for "The Code," or for those who would revive its waning authority.

THE FAST MAIL TRAINS to Chicago and Cincinnati will prove a benefit not only to those two cities and to New York, but, indirectly at least, to other places both north and south of the lines on which they are to be run. Thus the time to Washington will be reduced by three hours, and even as far away as San Francisco the mails will be distributed one day earlier than at present.

THE WAR IN KHOKAND.—Russia is steadily pursuing her work of conquest in Central Asia. General Kauffman has gained a great victory in Khokand—routing some thirty thousand men, and

completely demoralizing the so-called rebels. This victory is fitted to inspire alarm among all the tribes of Central Asia. Great Britain cannot like those giant strides of Russia on the northern boundary of her Indian Empire.

A REMOVED CHANGE IN OUR INDIAN POLICY.—It is reported from Washington that the President has determined to recommend Congress, at its next session, to transfer the management of our Indian affairs from the Interior Department to the War Department. The *Chicago Journal* (Republican) hopes the report is true, and says that the revelations of Professor Marsh and others, regarding the rascality of Indian agents and contractors, ought to open the eyes of the Government to the necessity of a change.

THE CARLIST WAR IN SPAIN.—It would seem as if, at last, the cause of Don Carlos, so long and so persistently maintained, was again doomed to hopeless defeat. General Dorregaray, at the date of our latest news, was in full retreat with one thousand five hundred men. All his artillery and war material had been captured. The Biscayans, who have been so loyal, refuse to pay any more of the taxes levied by the Pretender, and mutiny of a serious kind has broken out in the Carlist ranks. Spain has once more the prospect of something like peace.

THE COUNCILS-GENERAL IN FRANCE.—The late elections in France have not materially altered the composition of those bodies. In all but seven departments the same Presidents have been reappointed. The Councils-General will largely determine the character of the new Senate. The presumption now is that the Senate will be strongly Conservative. There is a fear of the Bonapartists, and an evident desire to keep them out of power. But no one can tell what a day or an hour will bring forth in France. The Bonapartist cause is by no means dead. M. Gambetta is preparing a great speech.

"THOSE BUZZARDS OF THE INDIAN BUREAU" is the appropriate epithet bestowed on Mr. Delano and his allies by the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, which thinks it doubtful if it be worth while for Mr. Welsh and other honorable gentlemen to waste powder further upon them. "They were brought down long ago by a decent public opinion, and anything additional proved against them cannot render them more obnoxious than they already are in the estimation of their countrymen. All that is demanded now is that in dishonor they shall be compelled to vacate the places their maladministration has disgraced."

IN THE CASE OF THE CONVICT CONNOLLY, whose cruel treatment on Blackwell's Island has been fully exposed, the Jury found that his death was due to softening of the brain, accelerated by the brutality of keepers Geary, Cowenover, Reese and Hardy, and recommended that care should be taken in the selection of keepers on Blackwell's Island and in the treatment of said prisoners. Can the Grand Jury and the Courts do nothing to emphasize the mild words of this verdict? The men and women who abuse authority in our prisons and public hospitals should be punished as well as warned.

THE CLINTON RIOT, resulting in the killing of thirteen persons and the wounding of as many more, has been directly traced to the rash and inexcusable resistance of a young white man to the authority of a colored police officer. The original offender was killed, and the Mississippi courts will now have an opportunity of vindicating the good name of their State by bringing the surviving rioters, white and colored, to justice. The *New York Tribune* says with truth: "It is most discreditable that a cause so trifling should have brought on a conflict in which the races took sides against each other entirely regardless of the merits of the case."

GOVERNOR AMES OF MISSISSIPPI has appealed to the President for troops to maintain order. No dispassionate observer of the course of Governor Ames since "he signed his own credentials as United States Senator and began to carry on the government of the State for the benefit of himself and his friends" can acquit him of a heavy share of responsibility for the domestic violence which, in his appeal, he asserts is now prevailing beyond the power of the State authorities to suppress. The Chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee earnestly protests against the Governor's call for Federal intervention as unnecessary. President Grant referred the matter to the Attorney-General, who has telegraphed to Governor Ames that troops are in readiness, but asks if they are really needed.

MR. U. C. HILL, who committed suicide at his residence in Paterson, N. J., September 2d, had been identified with musical interests in New York for the last half-century. He was one of the founders of the Philharmonic Society, and, for many years, he was its President. Pecuniary embarrassments preyed upon his mind, and finally, his great disappointment in failing to secure the co-operation of other musicians in a concert which he wished to arrange for his daughter at the Tabernacle, in Jersey City, October 13th, utterly discouraged him. He took a dose of morphine and died. Whatever may be said about the limitations of human responsibility, the reflections of "other musicians" who refused aid to their unfortunate old comrade are not to be envied. It is not always, however, that "other musicians" act so ungenerously.

MICHEAL ANGELO BUONAROTTI, the famous Italian painter, sculptor and architect, was born March 6th, 1474. It cannot, therefore, be the "Four hundredth anniversary of his birthday," as so many daily newspapers call it, the celebration of which by a three days' festival was begun in Florence on the 12th of September, 1875. The "Quadro-centennial" honors paid to the memory of the illustrious artist at Florence included services at his tomb and the dedication of a monument in a square which is to bear his name. The Michael Angelo celebration was also observed at Rome, where the great Italian died on the 17th of February, 1563, or according to some authorities, in 1564. After funeral ceremonies in Rome, his remains were

conveyed almost by stealth, to Florence, and then borne by his relatives and friends to Santa Croce, where his ashes still repose.

THE GUIBORD DIFFICULTY IN MONTREAL has assumed a more complex and dangerous phase than ever. On Sunday, the 12th of September, a letter was read from the pulpit of the Bishop of Montreal fulfilling the threat, which had already been made, that in case the friends of the late Guibord should insist upon his burial in the Catholic cemetery, the earth that covered him would be accursed. The letter declares that "the spot in the cemetery where the body of the late Guibord shall be buried, even though in the future it be exhumed in any manner whatever, will be in fact and in manner interdicted and separated from the rest of the cemetery. Such," continues, the Bishop, "is the declaration we have to make to you. Therefore you need have no fear that in the present case your cemetery can lose its sacredness, or that the holy rites it has upon its sanctified and blessed places can be sacrificed or trodden under foot." It now remains to be seen what the Government and the Institut Canadien will do about it.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THREE County Commissioners in Pennsylvania were fined and imprisoned for two years for embezzlement. Forty negroes were killed in the riot at Clinton, Miss., and Governor Ames called upon the President for Federal troops. The Rapid Transit Commission submitted to Mayor Wickham their full report, which was adopted by the Common Council. Charges of incompetency and negligence were made against Postmaster Burt, of Boston. A subscription banquet was given the members of the American Rifle Team at Delmonico's. Dr. Lindermann is examining sites for the new United States Mint, to be located in the Mississippi Valley. The proposed amendments to the Constitution of New Jersey were all carried by a heavy majority. It was estimated that 20,000 persons were present at the soldiers' reunion at Rockville, Ind., on the 7th. Boston advertised for a loan of \$1,000,000, at five per cent., for thirty years. The New York State Republican Convention met at Saratoga, and nominated State officers. An explosion in Newark, N. J., caused a large loss of life and property. Jefferson Davis addressed the members of the De Soto County (Mo.) Agricultural Society on the 8th. The North Carolina Constitutional Convention was organized at Raleigh. Sir Edward Thornton, umpire to the United States and Mexican Claims Commission, made further awards. The Pennsylvania State Democratic Convention assembled at Erie on the 8th. A Masonic Temple at Albany, N. Y., was dedicated. The Wisconsin Democratic Reform Convention was held at Milwaukee. General L. P. Walker was chosen President of the Alabama Constitutional Convention sitting at Montgomery. The Maryland State Republican Convention was convened at Westminster. Professor Marsh appeared before the Red Cloud Commission at Washington. Judge Cyrus L. Pershing received the Democratic nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania, on an inflation platform. All the prisoners under arrest for complicity in the attempted negro riot in Georgia were discharged. General Francis E. Spinner accepted the Republican nomination for Comptroller of New York. Destructive forest fires were reported in St. Lawrence County, N. Y. John Kelly, Jr., Superintendent of the Buffalo Section of the Erie Canal, was arrested for corruption. Judge Lewis B. Woodruff, of the Second New York Judicial Circuit, died on the 10th, aged 66. The operatives at the Fall River mills are anxious to return to work. Bishop Hare testified before the Red Cloud Commission. Attorney-General Pierpont investigated the alleged Mississippi outrages, and finding them false, refused to recommend sending Federal troops to Governor Ames. Knickerbocker Grange, No. 154, Patrons of Husbandry, New York city, has opened a Patrons' Home for the accommodation of members of the Order visiting the metropolis. A general council of all the Indian nations and tribes was held at Okmulgee, Indian Territory. Spotted Tail demands \$6,000,000 for the Black Hills. During a storm on Lake Michigan the propeller *Equinox* sank, carrying down twenty-two persons. Several disasters occurred on the lakes during the storm of last week. The Illinois Midland Railroad was placed in the hands of a receiver. Messrs. Moody and Sankey began their revival work in the United States at Northfield, Mass. The Hon. Henry T. Blow died at Saratoga.

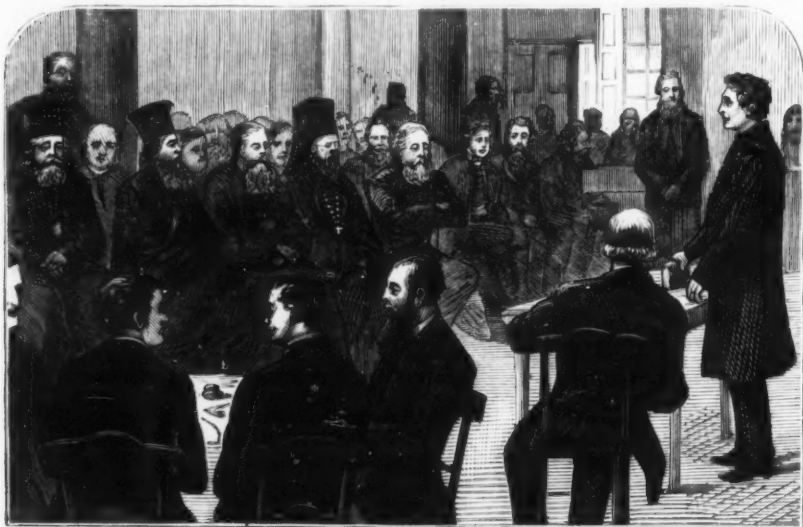
FOREIGN.

SERBIA announced its neutrality in the Herzegovina trouble. Russia became satisfied that the Khokand rebellion was produced by Yakoub Khan. Discoveries of gold, iron and coal in Manitoba were reported. General Kauffman fought a battle with the insurgents of Khokand, and routed a force of 30,000. The cattle distemper in Dorsetshire, England, is spreading rapidly. Work was begun upon the National Opera House on the Thames Embankment, London. A number of German pilgrims started for Lourdes. Cardinal McCloskey was warmly received by the Pope at the Vatican. King Alfonso determined to reduce Estelle, a stronghold of the Carlists in Navarre. Colonel Duncan, the British envoy, was received by the King of Burmah with courtesy. Two regiments are in readiness to act at the interment of Guibord's remains at Montreal. Settlers in the vicinity of Portage, Manitoba, demanded the removal of the Sioux from the reserve. The directors of the Jacques Cartier Bank in Montreal were arrested for reporting a false statement to the stockholders. A suspension of hostilities between the National forces and the insurgents at Panama was announced. Baron de la Roncière-le-Noury, Admiral of the French Mediterranean Squadron, was removed for expressing sympathy with the Bonapartists. The Catholic Bishop at Montreal counseled submission to the law, but threatened to interdict the place of burial should Guibord's remains be interred in the Catholic Cemetery. Nicaragua granted a subsidy of \$6,000 per annum to the Pacific Mail Company on condition that their vessels stop at San Juan del Sur and Cornito. The Vice-President of Ecuador assumed the Presidency until the successor of the late Moreno is elected. Frequent disturbances are reported in Peru on account of the contest for President. American residents at Rome presented Cardinal McCloskey with a complete attire and a valuable mitre. Judge Richardson, of the United States Court of Claims, and Commander Lewis, of the *Fantie*, were arrested while traveling within the treaty limits of Yokohama, but the Government immediately released them and punished the local officers. The Pope directed the Catholic Bishops in Bosnia and Herzegovina to facilitate pacification of the provinces. It is said that if the British Minister's demands upon China for redress for the Margary murder are not acceded to within twenty-four hours he will withdraw his legation, and declare open hostilities. The Serbian Legislature was opened. In consequence of a disagreement on the question of universal suffrage the Cabinet of Spain resigned, and a new one was formed by General Jovellar. The Spanish Ambassador at Paris resigned.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 39.



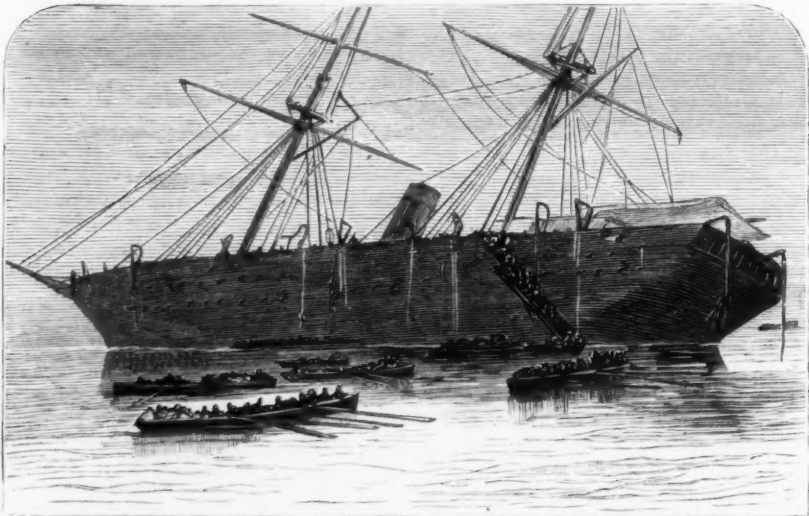
ENGLAND.—"THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S OWN"—H. R. H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES PRESENTING NEW COLORS TO THE NINETEENTH REGIMENT, AT "THE FARM" NEAR SHEFFIELD.



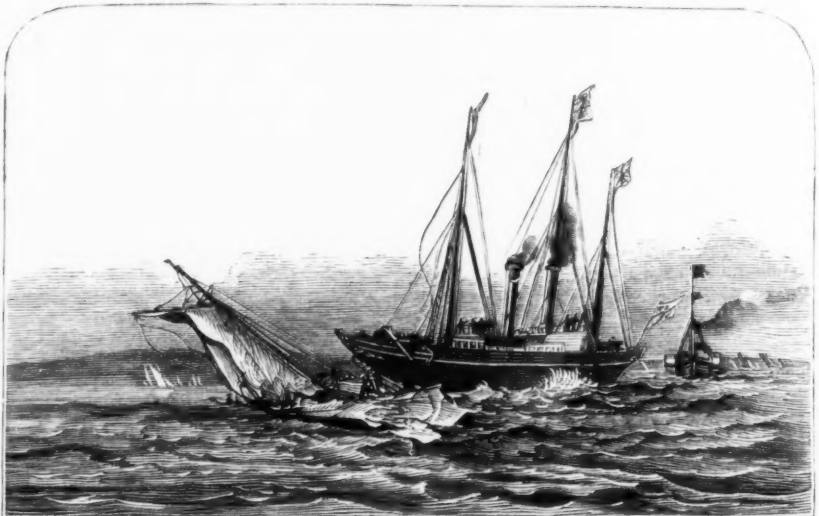
GERMANY.—THE OLD CATHOLIC CONFERENCE AT BONN—DR. DÖLLINGER ADDRESSING A MEETING OF THE DELEGATES.



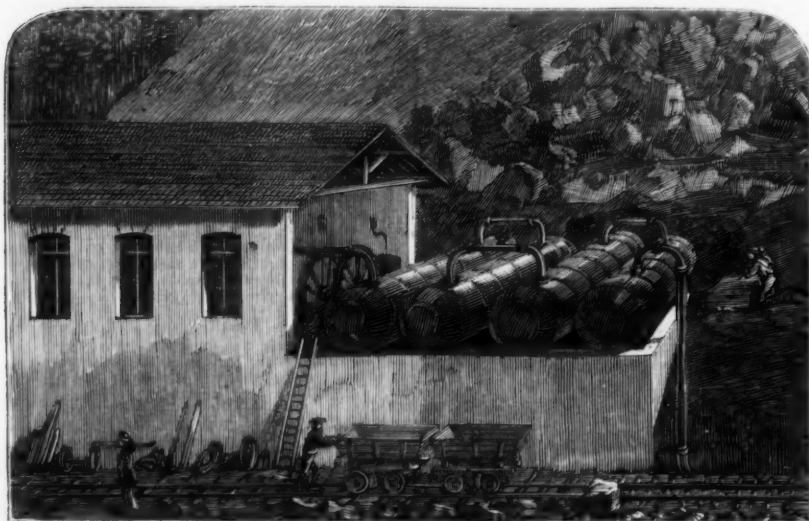
GERMANY.—THE FIFTH GERMAN "BUNDESCHIESSEN" AT STUTTGART—THE SHOOTING-GALLERY.



THE BAY OF BISCAY.—THE WRECK OF THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMER "BOYNE," AUGUST 13TH—SCENE AT 9 P. M., AN HOUR AFTER STRIKING.



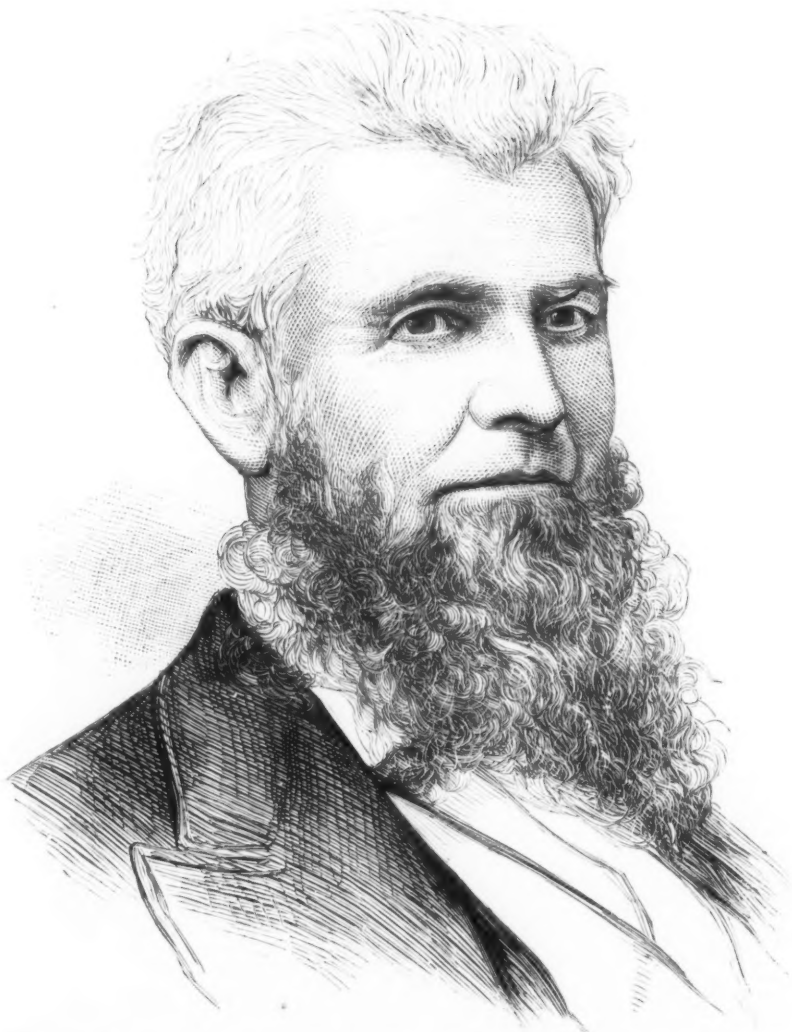
THE SOLENT.—THE COLLISION OF THE "ALBERTA" AND THE "MISTLETOE."



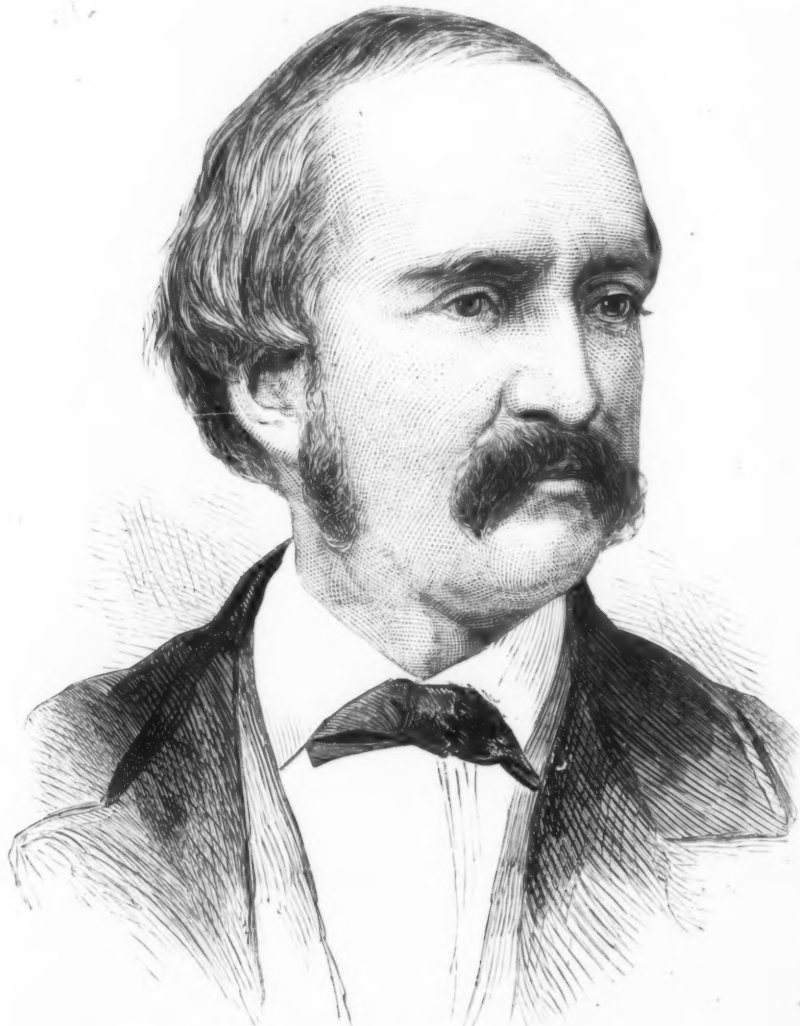
SWITZERLAND.—THE WORKS IN THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL—RESERVOIRS FOR COMPRESSING AIR, AT GÜSCHENEN.



SWITZERLAND.—THE WORKMEN'S RIOT AT GÜSCHENEN—ENTRANCE OF THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.



HON. DAVID M. KEY, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM TENNESSEE.—PHOTOGRAPHED AT LANE'S ART GALLERY, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—SEE PAGE 39.



HON. JAMES B. M'CREARY, GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SHULL & RUE, RICHMOND, KY.—SEE PAGE 39.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE NEW POST-OFFICE BUILDING AT THE JUNCTION OF BROADWAY AND PARK ROW.—SEE PAGE 43.

DROWNED.

THE flashing lighthouse beacon pales before
The ruddy harvest moon's intenser ray,
That bathes, and changes into sparkling ore,
Its stones of granite gray.

Round the tall brigs the greedy ripple laps,
As with the ebbing tide they softly swing;
A shore-bellied sea-bird slowly flaps
His strong-plumed, dusky wing.

The pier-lights, imaged on the waters, melt
To silver pillars, such as visions show,
Of palaces where fabled Caliphs dwell
In legends long ago.

A single boat steals down the moonlit track
Through the still night its oar-strokes echo far;
Fringed with cleft light, the outline sharply black
Heaves on the harbor bar.

What strange freight fills it? Yonder heavy sail
Covers some form of blurr'd and shapeless dread;
Rude is the pall, but fitted well to veil
The ocean's outcast dead.

His name, his history? Vain it were to guess,
But short to sum: a waif, a mystery,
Death's mocking gloss upon life's loveliness;
A secret of the sea.

THE BUILDING OF THE BRIDGE.

A CHINESE LEGEND.

CHAPTER I.

[It is necessary to explain that the bridge referred to is the longest bridge in China; it spans the River Min, which flows into the sea near the picturesque port of Foochow—a place well known to tea merchants, and from the dialect of which district our English word *tea* is derived. The value of the tale consists in the insight it affords into the curiously grotesque character of the Chinese imagination, when brought to bear upon objects the origin of which appears too magnificent to have been produced without supernatural agency. I need scarcely add that the tale, as given below, is in no way a translation. It is simply impossible to keep up the interest in a literally translated Chinese story; and the only feasible plan is to dress up the details in one's own words, while adhering strictly to the facts as narrated in the original. —H. E. W.]

EAR down in the depths of the River Min the water devils were holding high carnival; these devils, the spirits of unhappy beings who had from time to time been drowned in endeavoring to cross the turbulent waters of the stream, and whose subsequent existence had ever since been one monotonous routine of irksome confinement, had at length had their horizon gladdened with a ray of hope. It was rumored amongst them that the next day a large sailing-vessel, crowded with passengers, was going to attempt the passage of the river, and the devils well knew how fraught with danger that undertaking was. However calmly the day might dawn, the probabilities were that ere its close a storm would arise; and the devils were aware, from painful experience, that few boats could live through a storm on those waters. And once let the vessel founder, and the passengers be drowned, and the happy moment of their deliverance was come; for, for each man that was drowned, one of the spirits would be restored to the upper earth, and his unenviable vacancy be supplied by one of the freshly drowned victims.

"They must be drowned," cried one of them; "this is the worst time of the year—it is always blowing a gale at this season; and is to-morrow likely to be the day of all days on which it will be calm? No! and if it isn't, why, I know of one who won't shed tears of sorrow."

"Oh, they will attempt it sure enough," rejoined another; "there are numbers of people who have been wanting to cross for a long time, and they are certain to think that it will not blow just for that one particular day."

"Well, I shall take care not to cross it again when I get to the top," said a third; "I've had enough of this kind of life, and I intend to stick to the shore in future."

And so they went on dreaming of what they would do when they got to the top, and exulting in the prospect of transferring their miseries to the new arrivals.

It was not, however, so certain as they thought. There are other spirits besides devils, and some of these spirits watch over the lives of frail mortals on earth. That night one of them appeared in a dream to the captain of the boat, and told him to inquire among the passengers for one named A Choi. If he was on board, all would be well; if not, the boat would be lost. A Choi was described as a person of great literary attainments, and naturally therefore would be easily distinguishable from the other passengers, who were almost invariably in these passages of the lower and uneducated classes.

The next day the sun rose cheerfully over the River Min; the wide expanse of the stream was lighted up with gold-gleaming rays, and the passengers, as they stepped on board the boat that was to take them across, were in the highest spirits imaginable. The captain alone seemed anxious, and he carefully scanned the appearance of each one that came on board. At length the number was complete, and it became evident that there were no more to be expected. As this became apparent the captain's face perceptibly lengthened. There was not one of the passengers whose appearance could possibly be mistaken for that of a literary man of even small pretensions, and A Choi had been described to him as one of very remarkable literary attainments. To settle the matter, however, he determined to inquire if there was on board any one named A Choi. No, there was no one of that name. One woman only explained that she was married to a man named A Choi; but that would not do, especially when, in answer to the captain, who vaguely hoped that possibly her husband might be the literary man referred to, she replied that her husband was nothing but a poor farmer, and could not even read or write. All that the captain could now do was to hope that his dream might prove false. This he was more inclined to do as, apart from the extreme unreliability of midnight visions, the exceptional fineness of the morning seemed to preclude all possibility of a storm.

The hopes founded on the appearance of the sky proved, alas! only too delusive; the boat had scarcely proceeded on its course, when the little clouds, that up to this time had been wandering promiscuously over the heavens, were seen suddenly to marshal themselves into a compact body, and to assume the shape of a gathering storm. The captain's heart sunk low within him as he saw this change, but he still thought it possible that he might get across before the storm came, and he eagerly took advantage of the freshening breeze to put on more sail, trusting that the increased speed of the boat would get them over

before the wind became too violent to admit of the use of sails. The rapidity, however, with which a gale once brewing culminates in these parts is well-nigh incredible, and it was but a very short interval after the chance recorded that the wind was blowing with great and increasing fury.

The passengers, whose ignorance of navigation only added to the alarm, were rapidly becoming panic-stricken, when the captain, perceiving that nothing short of a miracle could now save them, once more loudly demanded whether any one of great literary attainments and named A Choi was on board. Even in this moment of distress more than one passenger laughed aloud at the question, so ridiculous did the idea seem of any one of that crowd being literary, and once again they all replied, "No one." "Then we are lost," said the captain, and he thereupon told them his dream of the previous night. No sooner had he done so than the confusion on board became indescribable. The passengers lost all self-control, and became completely demoralized. And how could they help it, when the captain himself had told them that there was no hope? It was in a weak moment that he gave way, and he had scarcely let the words escape from his mouth than he felt how indiscreet and imprudent he had been; but nothing that he could do or say now could recover their lost confidence in him, and it would be useless to attempt to describe the utter demoralization of the passengers and crew. Suffice it to say that, what with the men struggling and fighting among themselves, the women shrieking and tearing their hair, and the children screaming and kicking, the fury of the storm itself seemed almost a minor evil to the passions that the captain had so weakly let loose.

Was it inspiration, or what was it, that caused one of the passengers in this extremity of distress to turn his eyes upon the woman who had described herself as the wife of A Choi? Whatever it was, that glance saved the ship; for no sooner had he looked than an idea struck him. "Pray for us!" he cried; "your husband is not literary, but your son may one day be so."

In an instant the woman fell upon her knees, and, in as loud a voice as her terror would allow, prayed to heaven and earth in these words: "If we are spared this day, and I live to bring forth a son, in his name I vow to build a bridge over this river."

Scarcely were the words out of her mouth, than, like an angry child, whose passionate sobs the skillful nurse has managed to arrest at their very height, instantaneously the wind became calm, and the storm ceased.

Nothing could exceed the delight of the passengers at this unlooked-for change; scarcely able to believe their own eyes at first, they gradually became reassured as the clouds dispersed and the sun came out, and they now crowded round the woman with joyful congratulations. She, for her part, was so astonished at the result of her prayer, that she was like one bewildered, and received the noisy congratulations of her fellow-voyagers as though she heard them not. And in this state of semi-intoxicated delight they passed the rest of the day, and at length arrived safely at the other side of the river. Here they all separated, though not without each of them in turn taking leave of the poor ragged woman whose prayer had saved their lives, and disappointed the devils of their prey. As to the devils themselves, it would take too long to describe their sensations on finding themselves balked; we must at once pass on to relate in what manner the woman fulfilled her vow to build a bridge across the River Min.

CHAPTER II.

IT was not very long after the incidents recorded in the last chapter that the woman gave birth to the son whose arrival she had ever since been looking forward to with the keenest anxiety. Her husband, whom she had rejoined as soon as possible, was no less astonished than she at the recital of her tale, and they both agreed that every care ought to be taken to give the child a proper training. While, therefore, their son was in his infancy they tried to lay by as much money as they could, with which to pay for his education so soon as he was old enough to be taught, and meanwhile they were careful to check any rudiments of evil that they could discern in him. In this way it happened that as he grew up to the age in which most boys prefer play to work, his chief enjoyment lay in committing verses of poetry to memory, and in studying the ancient classics. It is needless, however, to dwell on the method of education pursued in his case. His superiority in intellectual acquirements having been foretold in so unequivocal fashion, it was certain to be achieved even under the most unfavorable circumstances, and it is therefore only necessary to relate that at the final crisis of the examination the young man came in a triumphant first, and amply exemplified the superior prescience of the heavenly spirits.

It is one thing, however, to pass a good examination in the literature of bygone days, and another to know how to build a bridge over a broad, deep, and rapid river, and yet it was this latter task that the mother of A Choi had undertaken in the name of her son. While her attention had been concentrated on her son's education she had not given more than a passing thought, every now and then, to the duty that lay before her; but now that that was completed, and a thing of the past, the difficulties of this new undertaking began to unmask themselves. In the first place, where were they to get the money from? They were so poor that they had scarcely enough on which to live, and a bridge of the magnitude of that which it was necessary to build over this river would require hundreds of thousands of dollars. In the next place, what Chinaman was there who knew enough about architecture to be able to construct a solid pile of masonry in deep and rapid water? And then again, where were they to get the huge blocks of stone, without which a bridge might as well be made of sand? These and numerous similar difficulties stared the poor woman in the face the moment that she began to think about the practical part of the work. In the abstract the idea of making a bridge seemed romantic and uncommon, and even fed the vanity of the poor woman to a certain extent; but it was when the undertaking appeared before her in its sober reality, unmasked and denuded of its romantic tints, that she felt almost overwhelmed at its magnitude. Her husband, whose intellect was not sharper than what was necessary to help him through his agricultural pursuits, was unable to give her any assistance in so novel a difficulty. He knew, however, enough of the world to nip in the bud, with proper ridicule, the suggestion which his wife hinted to him of applying to the local authorities for pecuniary assistance. "I might just as well," he said, "go to the sea for fire as go to the authorities for money; they are all for taking, not giving, and you will never get them to part with any money unless it is for their interest to do so. No, no; if you are bent on building the bridge, and haven't got the money to do it with, you must pray to heaven and take your chance."

"I believe, after all, that is the best plan," replied she, thoughtfully. "I feel, as you say, that it

is out of the question to get money from the authorities, and so I will go to the temple of the Goddess of Mercy to-morrow, and ask her to help us."

What a charming creed is that which, in all the difficulties and drawbacks common to a life on earth, can yet reflect with a certainty that, over all the vicissitudes and troubles of frail mortals, watches a lovely, pitiful goddess, every ready to help where help is needed, and to comfort where comfort is looked for! Such a creed as this had the mother of A Choi, and when, the next morning, she wended her way to the temple of the goddess, it was with perfect certainty that, in some way or other, an answer would be given to her prayer. It might not be a satisfactory answer—it might even be a refusal—but, at any rate, she knew her prayer would be listened to, and would not be cast aside with indifference. So, after she had poured out her simple libation of wine, and had burnt a few sticks of incense, and had prayed for assistance in the building of the bridge, she rose from her knees quite content to leave the mode and manner of response to the goddess.

Her faith was not misplaced. That watchful, lovely goddess to whom her prayer was addressed no sooner heard the prayer of the suppliant than she yearned with pity for the poor woman whose powers were so straitened by her circumstances. She went to the palace of the generous Monarch of Heaven, and requested permission to visit the earth. It was unhesitatingly accorded, and the goddess next proceeded to hold a council with her attendants as to the best course to adopt. These attendants were the once dreadful Eagle which had passed its early days in devouring little children on earth, but which had long since been won over by the pity-loving goddess to be her most faithful disciple; the Spirit of the Flaming Child, who, likewise by her agency, had been changed from a demon of revolting ferocity into a meek and peaceful-minded spirit; and daughter of the Dragon Monarch of the Seas, who, charmed by the sweet character of the goddess, had spontaneously enrolled herself amongst her attendants. These she called together, and, after a little consultation, it was agreed that the goddess should descend to the earth in the form of a lovely maiden; the Eagle was to personate a female attendant; the Spirit of the Flaming Child was to become the helmsman to the boat in which they would live while down below; and the daughter of the Dragon Monarch of the Seas was to personate the mother of the goddess. These arrangements having been carried out, the goddess and her suite descended to the earth unseen, and stationed themselves in a boat which they moored a little distance from the shore on which stood the town of Foochow.

The next day it was rumored that on board this boat was a beautiful girl, who had come to Foochow to seek for a husband, and, sure enough, the passers-by saw at one end of the boat a large board, on which were written the characters "A Husband Wanted," while seated in the stern of the vessel was the girl herself. It needed no very good eyes to see that the young lady was extremely beautiful, and in a short time a crowd of admirers had collected on the banks. The mother of the girl then caused it to be known that whoever could hit the tip of the nose of her daughter with a piece of money, whether copper, silver or gold, should be proclaimed the successful suitor and the happy possessor of the young lady. Her dowry would consist of all the pieces of money that fell into the boat before her nose was hit.

So novel and cosmopolitan a method of obtaining a husband soon attracted numbers of suitors, and before long a continuous flight of money was being projected from the shore into the boat; there was no limit to the number of trials, and the apparent ease of the undertaking, combined with its real difficulty, exactly suited the gambling instincts of the bystanders.

Day after day this went on, none of them succeeding in hitting, and yet all going so near as to tempt them to try their luck once more. At length the boat, which was a very large one, was very nearly filled with money, and the goddess (for it was no other than she) thought it was now time to bring the proceedings to a close.

On this day, among the competitors was the son of the woman who had made the vow to build the bridge. His disposition was bashful and retiring, and it was with the very greatest difficulty that he had been induced to come out and look at the young lady; his sensitive nature revolted from the idea of lowering himself to a level with this herd of suitors, nor was he prepossessed in favor of a girl who could expose herself in this fashion to the insults of the mob. However, he was at length induced to go, and the very first copper that he threw hit her on the tip of the nose. She, though in the garb and person of a maiden, had through-out preserved her divine nature; it was she who had put it into the heart of this young man to do a thing contrary to his natural bent, and it was for him and his mother that during all these days she had been collecting money in the boat. The other pieces of money she had warded off from her by means of the sprig of willow which, as a goddess, she always carried in her hand, and which she had kept before her face in an invisible form during this time. The goddess now beckoned to him to come on board, and amid the cheers of the disappointed suitors, he put off to secure his bride.

No sooner was he on board than the goddess explained to him the true state of the case.

"Your mother prayed to me for help in the building of the bridge," said she, "and I, pitying her distress, have come down to help her. All this money that you see in the boat belongs to you. Remove it as soon as you can, and then I must be gone. Help your mother to complete the bridge, and when you want assistance pray to me. Even now you will not find the money of much use without a proper architect. I will provide you with one, and will send him to you, and you must do all that he tells you."

The young man expressed as best he could his sense of the goddess's condescension, and at once proceeded to remove the money to a safe hiding-place. No sooner was the last cash removed, and he once again on shore, than he saw the group in the boat gradually cast off their material form and dissolve again into their heavenly elements; the boat in which his money had been contained imperceptibly contracted into the shape and appearance of a spotless lily, enthroned on which sat the Goddess of Pity and Love. In her hand she held the sprig of willow that wards off evil influences, and around her, grouped like ministering spirits, were the attendants who had accompanied her. On one side was the faithful Eagle; at her feet was the daughter of the Dragon King, with folded hands, in an attitude of devotion; while on the other side was the Spirit of the Flaming Child. In this manner, seen only by the inspired vision of the young man, the pure and beautiful goddess faded away.

It is hard to turn from dwelling on ethereal scenes to the grosser incidents of our life below; and so A Choi found it. He had never until this moment realized how completely coarse everything earthly was, and he could scarcely listen with patience even to the most musically toned words of his language; much less could he tolerate the harsh,

coarse oaths that his neighbors habitually indulged in, though at any other time he would not even have known they were uttered, so accustomed was he to their sound. He was too sensible, however, to be long distracted by these thoughts. He knew that the world was made of sterner stuff than of visions of purity and beauty, and so, dismissing these thoughts from his mind, he at once addressed himself to the task his mother had vowed in his name. One moment only of the late scene did he allow himself. At the urgent request of his mother, he painted a picture of the goddess as she appeared immediately before she returned to heaven, and, fascinated as he had been by the scene, he threw off on canvas the impression left on his fancy while it was yet fresh, and thus managed to produce a picture which, with great felicity and fidelity, portrayed the divine nature of the goddess on the point of reasserting itself over the earthly form in which she had clothed it. His mother was enraptured with the painting, hung it up on the wall, showed it to all her friends, and in a short time there was scarcely a house in the neighborhood that had not made a copy of the picture.

Meanwhile the Goddess of Pity and Love had returned to heaven; she had promised A Choi before leaving to provide him with an efficient architect, and she now set about fulfilling her promise. She sought out the Spirit of the Golden Star, and endeavored to persuade him to go down to the earth and undertake the duties of architect. The spirit acceded to her request, and immediately prepared to descend. The next day A Choi, who had meanwhile set about advertising for competent men to undertake the work, was surprised by the appearance of a very venerable, aged-looking old man, who explained that he had come to be his architect, if he would have him. Any doubts that A Choi might have had as to the advisability of employing so aged, and therefore so inactive, a man were set at rest by remembering the promise of the goddess to send him an architect, and he accordingly at once came to terms with the old man, and requested his assistance in building the foundations of the bridge.

"The first thing you have to do," said the architect, "is to procure proper materials. The stones that this part of the country produces are far too small, and it is necessary for you to seek elsewhere for them. Somewhere in the province of Canton live three men who are always to be found in each other's company. Two of them are blind, and the other has only one eye; hence they go by the name of the 'One-Eyed Triad.' Find out these men, and they will provide you with what you want."

A Choi thanked the old man for his information, and telling his mother he was going to Canton to look for stones for the bridge, he took his leave of her and set off. The information that the old man had given was, it is true, somewhat vague, for the province of Canton covers an area of some thousands of square miles, but A Choi felt confident as to the result of his search. He determined to begin with Canton first, and to prosecute his inquiries from that centre. In a few days he arrived at this city, and he now began making diligent inquiries for the One-Eyed Triad. He was considerably disgusted to find that no one knew anything about them, and he began to fear that he had come upon a wild-goose chase. Day after day he went about making inquiries, but all to no purpose—they were nowhere to be found.

"Vows are dangerous things to make," thought A Choi to himself, as he wandered about desolately in the country round Canton, "and I cannot think that heaven really wishes to be bribed before it will condescend to help us mortals; we are too apt to imagine that what is of supreme interest to us must be the same to the powers above, and I doubt not but that prayers would have saved my mother's life without the addition of a vow. Virtue is what the gods recognize, and it is vows of repentance and amendment the fulfillment of which is pleasing to them."

While A Choi thus moralized to himself in his lonely walk, in the distance he suddenly saw three men approaching, one in front, the other two behind. All three had sticks with which they were feeling their way, and A Choi at once said to himself, "These must be the men." As they came nearer, to his great delight he observed that the one in front had only one eye, while the other two behind were quite blind.

"Do you go by the name of the 'One-Eyed Triad'?" asked A Choi, bowing respectfully as he spoke.

"We do," said the foremost of the three men.

"I have been told," said A Choi, "to apply to you for materials with which to lay the foundations of a bridge at Foochow; can you supply me with a hundred large blocks of stone, and with the means of taking them back to Foochow?"

"All we can do for you we will," replied the first speaker. "Follow us."

The one-eyed man and his two companions then led the way through a variety of meadows and lanes until they reached a small and obscure-looking temple. Into this they went, and no sooner had they got within its precincts than the one-eyed man, going to a little recess in the wall, pulled out from thence a small bronze vase. He opened the lid, and taking out of it a hundred small pills, handed them to A Choi, having first put them into a bottle, which he tightly closed.

"Hasten back to Foochow with them," said he, "and be careful not to open the bottle until you get there; these will form the materials with which to make your foundations."

So saying, he led him to the door and wished him farewell.

A Choi was by his past experience so thoroughly persuaded of the personal intervention of the heavenly powers in his behalf, that whatever incredulity he might otherwise have felt at receiving so contemptible a gift from three beggarly-clad individuals, he was too wise to let any such feelings be stirred in him now. Indeed, his idea was that he was under the special protection of some one deity, who kept appearing to him in different disguises, but who was in reality one and the same throughout. That deity, it need not be said, he imagined to be the Goddess of Pity and Love, that beautiful being the recollection of whom kept alive in him every lofty aspiration and every sanctified thought, and to whom he had made a secret vow that his aim in life should be to deserve her favor.

In the complex character of man, however, there are other elements besides that of faith: A Choi firmly believed in the efficacy of the mud pills that he carried in his bottle, but his curiosity was equally strong to know something more about them. He had been ordered not to open the bottle, but the force of any order is weakened in proportion to the strength of the temptation which is felt to break it: no sooner had he got on board the boat that was to convey him down the Canton River than he pulled the bottle from his pocket and looked at it. It is not necessary to follow the tortuous channels through which his reason sought to overtake and vanquish the dictates of his conscience; it is enough to say that he had not been five minutes on board before the cork was taken from the bottle and one of the pills poured into his hand. Scarcely had he

recoiled the bottle, and was proceeding to examine the pill at leisure, when it commenced to grow visibly in size; it expanded, and expanded, and expanded until it became too large for him to hold, and he let it drop on the deck. Still it grew, and with ever-increasing velocity, and in a short time it would have sunk the boat, had not A. Choi, with the assistance of the crew, by an immense effort, succeeded in heaving it overboard. Still it kept on growing, and soon it was appearing above the water, and spreading itself over its surface with alarming rapidity. In the nick of time A. Choi, he thought him of a charm that he had learnt in his younger days. So, rushing down to his cabin, he got a piece of red paper, wrote on it, in the peculiar character which constitutes a charm, the word "Stop," ran up again on deck, and threw the paper at the rock. It hit it, and remained on the top of it, and at that instant the rock ceased to grow, and now all people who leave Canton, as they pass by the little island on the left, can reflect on the danger of subordinating duty to any less lofty feeling. Careful not to commit himself in this way again, A. Choi returned the bottle to his pocket and sailed without further trouble to Foochow. Here he met with the old man who had volunteered to undertake the duties of architect. He showed him the pills, and explained to him how he had lost one of them. "You are to blame!" exclaimed the old man impatiently. "Had you brought back one hundred pills, all difficulty was at an end; you had simply to throw the stones in and they would have done the work for themselves; but now that you have only ninety-nine of them, and that there must somehow be a hundred, you will have a good deal of trouble with the remaining foundation. I must inform you," continued the old man, "that I am the Spirit of the Golden Star, sent down to help you by the Goddess of Pity and Love; those three men that you met were three pigeons also under the same orders, and the hundred pills that they gave you were the remains of an enormous stone once made by a former Empress of China. One of her subjects had attempted to uproot a piece out of heaven, and had succeeded in doing so; the universe was on the point of collapsing entirely, had not she made this block of stone with which to prop it up. The hundred pills that the One-eyed Triad gave you were the scattered atoms that had fallen from the block as it was being put into its place. As one of these is lost, and it is impossible to replace it, it will be necessary for the completion of the bridge to have the waters of the river drained almost entirely dry."

Poor A. Choi's heart sunk within him as he heard these words; he had hoped that all his difficulties were at an end, and now there remained a task to be done quite as difficult and as apparently impossible as the procuring of the stones for the foundation.

"Forgive me," cried A. Choi, "and help me once again, kind Goddess of Pity and Love!"

As A. Choi involuntarily gave utterance to this prayer, the features of the old man visibly relaxed, and lost that stern expression which A. Choi's mistake had caused them to assume.

"There is one way in which it may be done," said the old man; "send a messenger down to the Dragon Monarch of the Seas, and pray him to let there be low water for one day, so soon as we have procured material to supply the missing pill."

Accordingly the old man set to work to get ready a number of large stones, that in the aggregate might supply the deficiency; as soon as a sufficient number of these was got together, and everything was now ready, a dispatch was written and officially sealed by the highest officer of the district, and a constable was ordered to take it down to the Dragon Monarch of the Seas.

The constable received the order with great reluctance, for it was impossible to convey the message without taking it down to the bottom of the waters, and to do that, it was necessary to sacrifice his life. There was no help for it, however; the matter was pressing. So he went to the edge of the river's bank, with the dispatch in his hand. As he sat by the water-side, postponing his plunge as long as possible, a feeling of drowsiness came over him, and he fell asleep. In his sleep he dreamt that he had made the fatal plunge, had been to the Dragon Monarch, and had got his reply. The excitement of the scene awoke him, and as soon as he had recovered himself, he felt for the dispatch to see whether it was safe. He found to his astonishment that the envelope had been opened, and upon scanning the contents of the dispatch contained in it, to his utter amazement and delight he discovered that what he had imagined to be a dream had actually taken place, and that in his hand he held the favorable response of the Dragon King. He hastened back to A. Choi, gave him the answer, and the next day, to their unspeakable delight, the waters of the river became lower and lower until it was possible to touch the bottom without getting wet. Taking advantage of the opportunity, A. Choi and his fellow-workmen labored incessantly until a deep foundation had been dug, and until each stone had been placed in its proper position. As to the pills, they performed their own work for themselves most effectually. Each one, as it was laid in its proper place, expanded to its proper dimensions, and then ceased to grow, so that in a very short time nothing remained to be done but to lay down the horizontal covering which was necessary for the completion of the bridge. At length all was finished, and A. Choi and his mother had the inexpressible satisfaction of beholding the completion of their vow. The old man had vanished without being seen and before the last stone was laid, so that A. Choi was not able to thank him as he would have wished to do. He felt, however, that without the intervention of the heavenly deities nothing could possibly have been done, and he now proposed to his mother that they should repair to the temple of the Goddess of Mercy, and there offer up their thanksgivings. A. Choi's mother naturally assented to this proposal, and the two forthwith repaired to the temple. On the last occasion the mother of A. Choi had gone thither to pray for assistance, and now amply had her prayer been answered. The mother and son, as they knelt before the image of the goddess, found difficulty in expressing the feelings of their hearts, but their language was after all none the less expressive, and when they rose from their knees it was with the humble assurance that the gracious goddess would accept their thank-offering. "We must name the bridge," said A. Choi to his mother as they slowly paced back to their home. "Let it be called 'The Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages,'" replied his mother, "for, for ages and ages will it seem to remind people how tender, loving, and pitiful is the Goddess of Pity and Love. May all who apply to her for help meet with the same gracious response as we have met with, and may all learn to love and respect her!"

THE HON. DAVID M. KEY,

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM TENNESSEE.

DAVID M. KEY, the successor of the late Andrew Johnson as United States Senator from Tennessee, was born in Greene County, Tenn.

January 27th, 1824. In 1826 the family moved into Monroe County, where David remained until 1853, when he settled at his present home, Chattanooga. At the age of twenty-one he ceased farming for his father, and entering Hiwassee College he graduated five years later, and almost immediately began the practice of law.

In his political creed he has always been identified with the Democratic Party. He was an Elector for his district on the Buchanan ticket in 1856, and the Breckinridge ticket in 1860. In 1861 he united with the Confederate cause, passing through the entire war as Lieutenant-colonel of the Forty-third Tennessee Infantry. From early life to the opening of the Rebellion he had enjoyed terms of intimacy with Andrew Johnson. At the expiration of the struggle, business called Mr. Key to Washington. President Johnson, hearing of the presence of his old friend at the Capital, first sent him a full pardon without solicitation, and then increased his surprise by inviting him with his family to make the White House his home during his sojourn.

Senator Key was elected a member of the State Constitutional Convention in 1869, and after a laborious service in that capacity, he was solicited by the Bar and citizens generally to accept the candidature of Chancellor of the Second Chancery District. His election was characterized by a most flattering majority, and he held the position until Governor Porter appointed him to his present high office. He was a candidate for Congress in 1872, but was defeated by the eccentric Crutcher of Chattanooga.

Senator Key possesses a tall, commanding figure, a massive head, gray hair and beard, and an expression of face indicating moral and physical strength, fidelity, probity and work.

HON. JAMES B. MCCREARY,

GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY.

JAMES B. MCCREARY, the new Governor of Kentucky, was inaugurated at Frankfort, on the 31st of August. He was born in Madison County about the year 1835, and is said to be the youngest person ever called to the Executive Chair of that State. His father, E. R. McCreary, was a gentleman of good antecedents, solid qualities, and ample fortune, and during his life manifested great interest in forming the character and directing the education of his son. Entering Centre College at a very early age, Governor McCreary was enabled to graduate with distinction when quite a boy, and to matriculate at the Law University of Tennessee, where he received the first honor in a class of forty-eight. He began the practice of law at Richmond, Ky., under favorable auspices, and attained without difficulty a large business and a wide reputation. At the outbreak of the war he identified himself with the interests of the South, and at the close of hostilities was Colonel of the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry. In 1868 he was an Elector for Kentucky, and also a delegate from his district to the National Democratic Convention that nominated Seymour and Blair. Since then Mr. McCreary has been three times elected to the Legislature, twice without opposition, and for the last four years has been Speaker of the House of Representatives.

As a constitutional lawyer, a parliamentarian, and a political economist, he has few superiors. His mind is thoroughly disciplined and nicely balanced for any emergency. He was never guilty of any glaring political error or awkwardness of any kind. His manner is genial, frank, and pleasing, and he will fill the measure of Kentucky's ambition in the matter of an Executive.

THE PLATTDEUTSCHE VOLKSFEST AT UNION HILL, N. J.

THE Plattdeutsche residents of New York have long been represented by societies formed for social and beneficial purposes, but until lately no attempt was made to bring them all together in celebrating the time-honored custom in their fatherland of holding a grand festival at the time of the annual gathering of the harvest. The efforts made this year to accomplish that object resulted in two memorable festivals; one—which we illustrated last week—held at Jones's Wood, and the other—of which we give pictures this week—the Plattdeutsche Volksfest at the Schuetzen Park, Union Hill, N. J.

The festival at Union Hill commenced on Monday, September 6th. It was inaugurated by a grand parade, which started about 9 o'clock in the morning from Tenth Street and Second Avenue, New York city, and after passing over a long route the various societies composing it embarked at Christopher Street Ferry for the spots elected for the merry-making. At the City Hall the procession was reviewed by Mayor Wickham and other city officials. The parade was one of the largest ever seen in New York, and presented all the attractive features that characterize similar displays made by our German citizens. Besides the numerous societies from New York city, there were many from neighboring cities and towns, and large delegations from distant places. Some six hundred wagons were in the line, and an innumerable number of carriages and vehicles of every description.

In the spectacle were detachments of our German military organizations; allegorical representations of characters and incidents of German historical and legendary lore; types of costume of different centuries; models of old country houses, ships, windmills, etc. The whole was interspersed with bands of music, handsome banners and flags, and carriages and wagons gayly decked with green boughs and branches.

The procession arrived at the Park too late to carry out much of the programme of festivities on the first day, but the balance of the week was devoted to merry-making, and there was no lack of variety of entertainment or want of sufficient numbers of people to make the whole affair a great success. It is estimated that fully 60,000 persons visited the grounds daily.

The crowds found facilities for indulging in pleasure on all sides. Some took part in athletic games; some mounted steeds and rode at swinging rings; some essayed to climb the greased pole, allured by prizes seventy-five feet in the air; others practiced in the bowling-alleys and shooting-galleries. The quieter visitors frequented the puppet shows, open-air theatre, exhibitions of the "holy bull," "fat child," and kindred monstrosities; wandered through the leafy groves, or sat beneath the trees enjoying the gay scene. All appeared to be religiously bound to partake of the distinctive national refreshments that were for sale at the various booths, and but few individuals left the *fête* without quaffing lager-bier or "ollen kloren," or tasting "kartuffel-pannkoken," or other delicacies.

Everything that could contribute to mirth, jollity and good-fellowship abounded. Each day some new entertainment was provided. One of the most amusing was the parade on Wednesday of the Scheppenstedt Old Guard. Another mirth-provoking scene was the Schifferstechen, or water

tournament, wherein two knights, with blunted spears, attack each other in small rowboats, each with intent to duck the other. Other ceremonies of a graver nature took place, including the laying of the corner-stone of a monument to Fritz Reuter, the celebrated Plattdeutsche poet.

One of the most attractive features of the festival was an old Plattdeutsche farmhouse, which was a true representation of the quaint old buildings that can still be found in many parts of Germany. The house is situated on a rocky eminence, surrounded by fir-trees. It is built of bricks and thatched with straw. Under one roof are accommodations for man and beast. Opening out of the main room are quarters for horses and cattle, and the loft and rafters furnish storage-place for fodder, and a resting-place for poultry.

In this building, on Tuesday, a wedding took place, the ceremonies being conducted after the manner of the ancient German peasantry. A procession, headed by the bride and groom, marched from the castle, and was followed by several wagons loaded with useful articles for the young housekeepers. It made the circuit of the park and entered the farmhouse, which had been fitted up for the occasion. The fantastically costumed bridal party arranged themselves in the principal room of the house and the ceremony was performed. Every detail was carefully carried out, and our picture gives a vivid picture of the scene. The bride and groom; the bridesmaids, with their pretty white skirts, black velvet bodices and jaunty headdresses; the father and mother of the bride; the clergyman, and his assistant who holds the net-like bag intended to receive the contributions of the company; the village police officer, in his grotesque uniform; the master of ceremonies, who is privileged on such occasions to ride his horse into the house; the friends and spectators, and the quaint interior, are all faithfully portrayed.

The Schuetzen Park, where the festival was held, is a beautiful and romantic spot, purchased in 1872 by a number of enterprising Germans, and fitted up at considerable expense as a place for holding social reunions. The property consists of thirty-two acres, and is very tastefully laid out, containing level lawns, groves of oak, maple and hemlock, music and dancing pavilions, shooting-galleries, and all other accessories of a well-regulated pleasure-ground. The Castle, seen in our illustration of the arrival of the procession, is a massive stone building picturesquely situated on Tower Hill, and was the old homestead of the Wright family, the former owners of the land.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO THE "PRINCESS OF WALES'S OWN" REGIMENT.—One of the most interesting incidents of the recent visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Sheffield was the presentation of new colors to the 15th Regiment (1st York North Riding). The ceremony took place, August 24th, on a wooded slope adjoining "The Farm," where the Duke of Norfolk's Garden Party assembled on the same day. The Regiment, about 500 strong, was marched on to the grounds with the old Queen's and Regimental colors, which it had fought under in the Crimea, in India, and in other parts of the world. The Regiment, as marshaled, was inspected by the Royal party, and, to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," the old colors were "trooped" for the last time, all the gentlemen following the example set by the Prince, and respectfully uncovering as the colors were borne past. After the consecration of the new colors by the Archbishop of York, the Princess—receiving them from the two drum-majors of the regiment—handed each in succession to the kneeling lieutenants, and as she did so, Her Royal Highness made a neat little speech to officers and men. Before returning from the scene, the Princess expressed her wish that the regiment should in future be known as the "Princess of Wales's Own" Regiment, an honor of which both officers and men will undoubtedly be proud.

THE REUNION CONFERENCE AT BONN was memorable in the annals of Church history as an attempt to bridge over the gulf of apparently irreconcilable differences as to dogmatic belief that has for a thousand years severed the Eastern from the Western side of Christendom. The conference was largely attended. No less than twenty Orientals were present, two Archimandrites, officially representing the Patriarchate of Constantinople, besides three Archbishops attending in person. The German Old Catholics were represented, numbering about thirty in all, and there were over fifty representatives of the Anglican Church. The cut represents Dr. Von Dollinger addressing the Conference.

THE COLLISION IN THE SOLENT.—that part of the sea between the Isle of Wight and the mainland of England, extending west from Fort Monckton to Hurst Castle, and being continuous east with Spithead, and north with Southampton-water—has already been fully described in these columns. It is manifest, from the evidence at the coroner's inquiry into the details of this sad accident, that the officers of the Royal yacht *Alberta* counted upon the presumption that the *Middlesex*, like other vessels which they encountered while rushing at high speed along this crowded marine thoroughfare, would hasten to get out of the way, notwithstanding the fixed rules which require all steam-vessels to be the first to provide against collision with sailing-vessels. The first impulse of the majority of the jury was to decide that the officers of the Royal yacht were guilty of manslaughter; but the prestige of royalty is still so strong in England, that it is not surprising they shrank from rendering so severe a verdict. Our sketch shows the two vessels a moment after the collision.

THE LOSS OF THE "BOYNE."—The Royal Mail Company's steamer *Boyne* was wrecked off the Island of Molene, in the Bay of Biscay, on the evening of August 13th. The *Boyne* was on her return voyage from the Brazils, and had touched at Lisbon on the 11th. A few hours after leaving the port a thick fog set in, which prevailed when the ship struck at about ten minutes past 8 p. m., on the 13th. The greatest praise is due to both captain and officers for their presence of mind, the boats being lowered and the passengers placed in them without the slightest confusion—the only casualties being the death of two firemen who were in the coal-bunkers. The cut represents the ship at 9 p. m., an hour after the disaster. The shipwrecked party was safely piloted to the Island of Molene by a cutter employed by some divers at work on the wreck of the *Cadia*, which was lost near the same place three months previously.

THE SHOOTING GALLERY offers one of the numerous scenes which enlivened the fifth *Bundesversammlung*, recently celebrated at Stuttgart, with all the enthusiasm which the Germans, both at home and abroad, throw into their national sports of every kind.

THE TUNNEL OF ST. GOTHARD, in Switzerland, is one of the marvels of modern engineering. Begun in 1872, its cost in money has already been enormous, and, aside from accidents, the turbulence of the workmen has occasioned serious loss of life. One of our illustrations shows the riot of Italian laborers on the 27th of last July, which was suppressed only by a company of infantry. Another picture represents the *Compressoren-Haus* at Gos-

chenen, where the air is compressed by means of water-power, and forced into the places where the laborers are at work in the interior of the mountain, so as to enable them to breathe. Without the oxygen thus supplied they would perish.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

NEW YORK CITY.—Mr. Behrens, late of the Strakosch Opera Troupe, is to conduct for the Kellogg Troupe this Fall. . . . Theodore Thompson gave a Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner concert at Central Park Garden on the 9th. . . . New features are constantly being introduced in the spectacle of "Around the World," at the Academy. . . . The Fall season at Wallack's will be opened with H. J. Byron's comedy, "Our Boys." The Julia Mathews company close their engagement on the 18th. . . . At the Theatre Comique the Mulligan and Skidmore Guards are doing up Dollymount as it should have been. . . . The Fall and Winter season at the Lyceum was opened on the 6th with "Mme. L'Archiduc," in which Mme. Geoffroy of "Giroflé-Girofla" fame sustained the title role. . . . E. L. Davenport appeared each night last week at the Grand Opera in the same pieces offered by Harry Sullivan at Booth's. . . . "Colonel Sellers" appears to be as popular as ever at the Union Square, where Mrs. John T. Raymond enacts the part of *Laura Hawkins*. . . . The production of "Rose Michel" is again postponed, Messrs. Shook & Palmer, of the Union Square, having procured a temporary injunction against Augustine Daly, of the Fifth Avenue. . . . Robinson Hall has been converted into the Parisian Varieties.

PROVINCIAL.—Edwin Adams opens the season at New Haven on the 20th. . . . Mrs. Chanfrau, supported by a New Orleans company, appeared at Ford's Theatre, Baltimore, on the 6th. . . . Lawrence Barrett is playing in California, and goes to Virginia City on the 23d. . . . The Museum at Portland, Me., was opened on the 6th, with "Divorce." . . . Dominick Murray began an engagement at De Bar's Opera House, St. Louis, on the 6th. . . . "She Stoops to Conquer" was put on the stage of the Boston Museum on the 6th. . . . "A Tour Around the World" was selected for the opening of Wood's Museum, Chicago, on the 6th. . . . The new St. James's Variety Theatre, on Tenth and Calowhill Streets, Philadelphia, will be opened November 8th.

FOREIGN.—"Monsieur Alphonse" has been produced at the London Globe. . . . "Le Sonneur de Saint Paul" was revived at the Chatelet, Paris. . . . On the 23d ult., the Opera-Comique, Paris, was reopened. Donizetti's "Fille du Regiment," Girey's "Richard Cœur de Lion" and Sardou's "Piccolino" were presented the first week. . . . The remains of the composer Donizetti, which at present rest in a suburban cemetery of Bergamo, Italy, are shortly to be removed to a place of sepulture within that city, where a monumental tomb is being prepared for them. . . . A grand *orchestral* concert took place in the garden of the Tuileries in Paris on the 28th ult., for the benefit of the sufferers by the late inundations in France. . . . At the Paris Comedies Française they have been playing Molière's "Tartuffe," while at the Gymnase the management has revived "Frou-Frou." Extremes meet. . . . It is said of the theatres of Strasbourg and Metz, at present run under heavy subventions from the Prussian Government, that they have never done such bad business—frequently they do not take in more than twenty dollars of a night—whereat the patriotic Frenchman smiles.

FUN.

A LADY brought a child to a physician to consult about its precarious health. Among other things, she inquired if he did not think the Springs would be useful. "Certainly, madame," replied the doctor, as he eyed the child. "I have not the least hesitation in recommending the Springs, and the sooner you apply the remedy the better." "You really think it would be good for the dear little thing, don't you?" "Upon my word, it's the best remedy I know of." "What Springs would you recommend?" "Any will do, madame, where you can get plenty of soap and water!"

MEDDLING with others sometimes brings us into scrapes, and thereby one of the elders of a certain church made "bad worse." A young fellow entered the church and took his seat, keeping his hat on. The elder, noticing it, requested him to take it off. His request not being complied with, he spoke to the young man a second time, and seeing he still hesitated, the elder gently lifted the hat off, when, to his chagrin, it rolled a quart of hickory-nuts, making more noise than was consistent with decorum. "Man," quietly said the youth, "see what you have done."

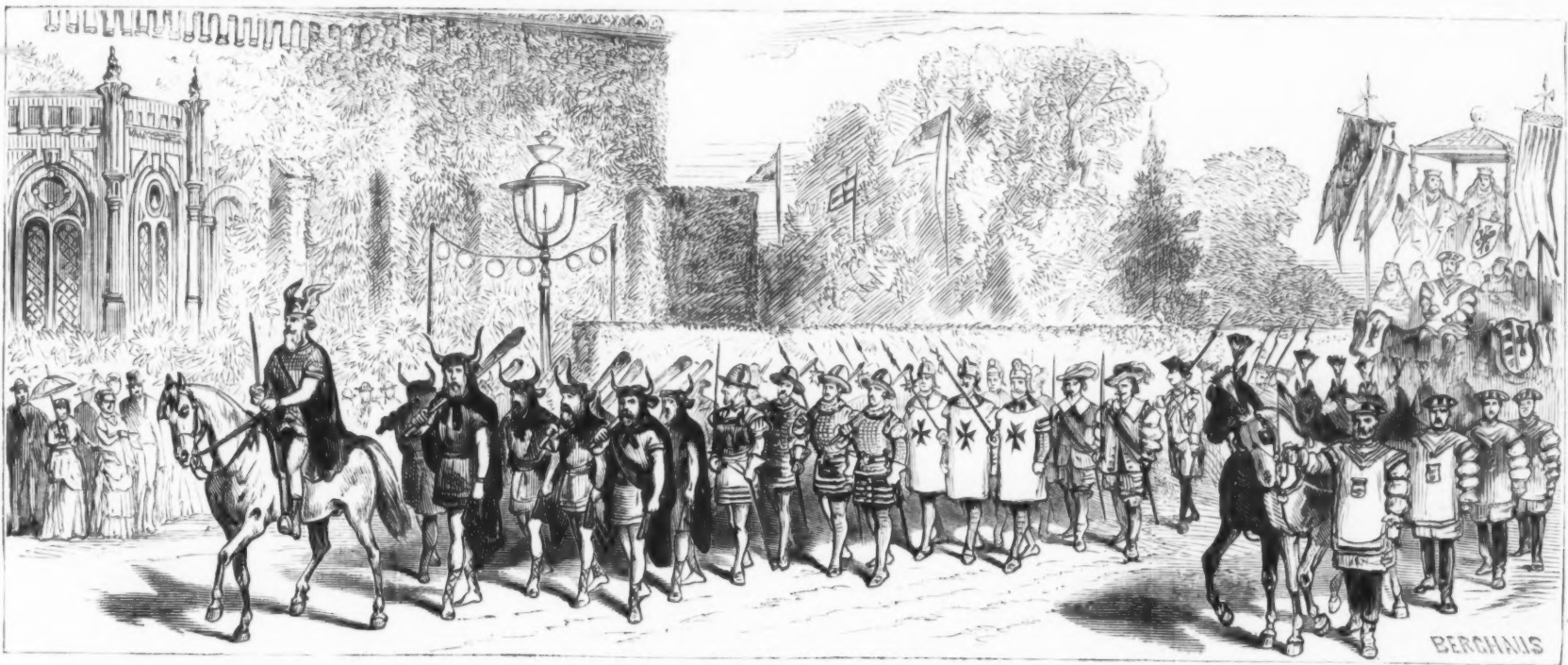
A WESTERN paper tells a story of a distressed agriculturalist: "A farmer dropped in here on Wednesday last to pay his rent, putting on a long face to correspond with the times. On entering the house, he told the landlord that, times being so bad, he could not raise the money at all, and dashed a bundle of greenbacks on the table. 'There,' said he, 'that is all I can pay.' The money was taken up and counted by the landlord, who said: 'Why, this is twice as much as you owe.' 'Dang me! give me it again,' said the farmer. 'I'm dashed if I ain't took it out of the wrong pocket.'"

Is one of the negro churches the other night, strange to relate, the parson read out a curiously metred hymn, which didn't jingle with any tune known to the congregation. One of the leaders started out from about latitude 45, but failed. An old darkey in the corner rose up and said: "Parson, I'm purty sart'n I kin reach to both ends o' them verses." "Brudder—will raise de time," announced the parson. And then the old man set out on a wild career with a series of screeches and howlings like unto the steam piano of the circus when the engineer is drunk. "Hold up, brudder; for de sake ob de psalmist's angels, stop!" cried the frantic parson, and when the old man and the congregation had been quieted he solemnly announced: "De singing ob de Lord's praise will be adjourned to de next meetin' night!" and the sermon went on.

THERE came one day to a little inland town in Kentucky, a young rural couple who had just been bound by the "silken bonds." Their destination was the depot, and the bridegroom was evidently quite impatient for fear the train should arrive before he could reach the office. Buying one ticket, they stood on the platform until the train had stopped. When they entered the car the bridegroom found his bride a seat, kissed her most affectionately, bade her "good-by," and going out, seated himself on a box, and commenced whistling most vigorously. He watched the train out of sight, regret depicted on his face, when a bystander, thinking the whole proceeding rather strange, resolved to interview him. Approaching him carelessly, and chewing a straw to keep up his courage, he said: "Been gettin' married lately?" "Yes," said he, "me and Sallie got spliced this mornin'." "Was that her you put on the train?" "Yeh," with a sigh. "A likely-lookin' gal," said our questioner. "Anybody sick, that she had to go away?" "No," but here he grew confidential. "You see me and Sallie had heard that everybody when they got married took a bridal tour. So I told Sallie I hadn't money enough for both of us to go, but she shouldn't be knocked out of hern. So I just brought her down here, bought her ticket, and sent her on a visit to some of her folks, and thought I might get some work havin' 'till she got back."



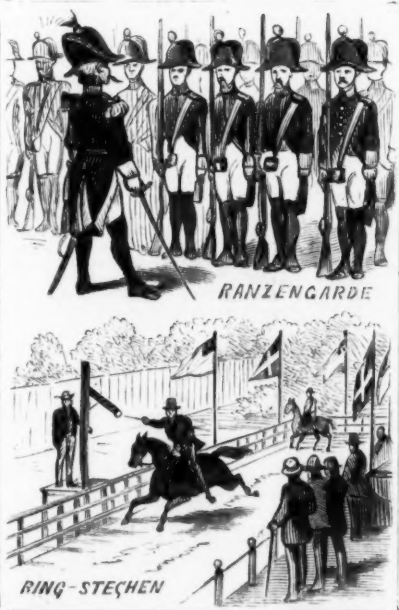
NEW YORK CITY.—UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT ROOM IN THE NEW POST OFFICE BUILDING.—SEE PAGE 43.



THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION ARRIVING AT "THE CASTLE."



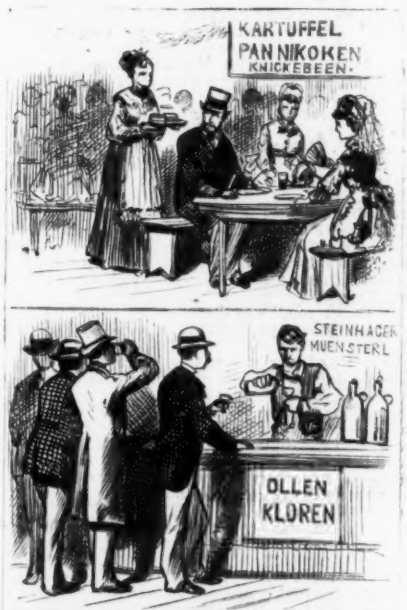
THE WEDDING IN THE OLDEN STYLE AT THE OLD PLATTDEUTSCHE FARM-HOUSE ERECTED ON THE GROUNDS.



1. THE FANTASTIC GUARD. 2. TILTING AT THE RING.



EXTERIOR OF THE PLATTDEUTSCHE FARM-HOUSE—ARRIVAL OF THE WEDDING PARTY.



NATIONAL REFRESHMENTS.

LOVE'S FOOLISH DREAM.

By E. W. H.

I POINTED to the bird, whose lay
Was caroled overhead;
"His joyous strain is not more gay
Than is my heart," I said,
I plucked the white rose from the tree,
And placed it in her hair;
"More sweet than you it cannot be,
Nor you," I said, "less fair."
By the river's side we stood, and made
A mirror of the stream;
"As bright shall be our life," I said
In my love's foolish dream.

The Summer bird, whose joyous strain
With my heart's joy was one,
Is fled. I listen, but in vain;
For me such songs are done.
The tree, that bore the young white rose
I plucked to give her praise,
Is dead years since; and this, and those,
Were set in after days.
The stream alone defies Time's hand
To change in any way;
Where we two stood, alone I stand,
Bright then, and bright to-day!
And I am glad, because I know
My heart and this bright stream
Are linked by ties formed years ago
In my love's foolish dream.

Repented at Leisure.

By the Author of "DORA THORNE," "REDEEMED
BY LOVE," "THE STORY OF A WEDDING RING,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was over—that terrible parting which had seemed to Ethel more bitter than death. Sir Leonard had delayed the fatal moment as long as he could. His daughter's white face and heavy eyes filled him with a keen sense of sorrow. "I shall soon be back, my darling," he said, trying to speak lightly; and then he broke down altogether, and tears filled his eyes, and his voice died on his lips. He said no more, but held his daughter in a close embrace; she was then the braver of the two.

"The years pass quickly," she observed, "and you will be away for only two. Look at me, papa, so that you may remember the last look on my face was a smile."

She did smile, poor child, with white, quivering lips, but the smile was far more pitiful than any tears could have been. When Sir Leonard was gone, her self-control gave way; she flung herself on the thick grass and wept with passionate tears for the father who would never be the same to her again, for the home where she was no longer to act as mistress—weep for the power and position that were to be hers no more. It was bitterly hard, after absolute power, to be treated like a child. Passionate tears came from her which did not soften her heart, but hardened it against the lady whom she considered the chief cause of her sorrow.

She foresaw, with all the keen perception of youth, the change there would be in her life; and, even during the first pang of grief for her father's loss, something like a reproach formed itself in her mind concerning his past treatment.

"Why," she thought, "has he given me my unrestrained liberty for so many years, only to take it from me at last?"

Life did not seem to her, when she rose from the place where, in the wild tempest of grief, she had flung herself, to hold one single charm. She had loved her father; he was gone from her, and when he returned it would be to marry. She had loved her home, and her own despotic rule there—that, too, had passed away. There was nothing before her but to submit to the rule of a strange woman. It was intolerably hard. She felt inclined to wish for death; but the Gordon pride came to her aid. Miss Digby was to be there by two; she must not find her weeping or sad. Ethel went to her room, and, as far as she could, removed all traces of tears. She dressed herself with unusual care; she gave orders for the needful packing with a calm, clear, steady voice, and then sat down to await Miss Digby's arrival.

"Henceforward," she said to herself, "I am to be second in my father's house. A stranger takes my mother's place as well as mine. She will triumph over me; she will laugh to think how easily she has deposed me; but, suffer as I may, no sign of my suffering shall she discover."

When Helen Digby arrived soon afterwards, full of sympathy and kindness, ready to give all the attention and affection that she thought would be needed, her reception rather startled her. She would not allow any one to announce her.

"Tell me where Miss Gordon is," she said, "and I will go to her."

She walked through the splendid suite of rooms where one day she was to reign as mistress. She found Ethel sitting in one of the light pretty balconies that looked on to the terrace. She went gently to her, and laid her hand with a quiet caressing touch on the girl's shoulder.

"My dearest Ethel," she said, "I have hastened to you, knowing that you would be so lonely and unhappy. What can I do to comfort you?"

Her eyes shone brightly through her tears; her whole face was beautiful from its warmth of kindness. She saw the crimson flush rise on Ethel's brow. She would have taken the girl in her kind arms and have kissed her face, but Ethel rose with quiet dignity, and said, coldly: "Good-morning, Miss Digby; I did not expect you so soon."

"I feared you might be lonely, Ethel, so I hastened to you."

"Thank you," was the dignified reply; "I shall feel lonely until papa returns, and no one can comfort me."

But Miss Digby was not to be repulsed easily; she sat down by Ethel's side, and would not notice the girl's shrinking from her.

"I hope that the plan of going to St. Ina's to-day pleases you, Ethel," she said, gently; "I suggested it to Sir Leonard because I thought the sooner you left Fountayne the better. Can I do anything to help you to pack or prepare for the journey?"

"My maid has done that already, I thank you," returned Ethel.

"Is there anything I can do to make you happier—to lessen your sorrow—to make the time pass more cheerfully?"

"Nothing, I thank you," was the chilling reply. "But Miss Digby was not to be daunted. Some would have turned from the cold, averted face and have left Ethel to herself—not so Helen—she was faithful to her trust."

"I wish, Ethel," she said, "that I had the gift of eloquence. I should like to tell you some of the thoughts that are passing through my mind—how anxious I am for your happiness and welfare, how

gravely I look upon this precious charge that your father has intrusted to me, how ready I am to wait upon you, to render you every service in my power by night or by day—indeed to devote my time, my thoughts, all to you."

"I thank you," responded Ethel, still more coldly. It was hard to resist such kindness, but the woman who offered it was the one who intended to usurp her place in her father's heart and in his home. She would have suffered anything rather than accept it, just as she would have suffered anything rather than allow Helen Digby to see her pain.

"I do not wonder that you should regret leaving Fountayne," said the gentle voice again; "it is a beautiful place."

Not to Miss Digby would she admit even the least regret.

"Change is always pleasant, I believe," she returned; "Fountayne is not the only beautiful place in the world."

She would not say how dearly she loved it, how perfect she thought it, nor how for the remainder of her life a dark cloud would hang over it. It would no longer be her home—sacred to herself and those she loved; it would be desecrated by strangers, spoiled by the new rule and the new love her father would bring thither.

With a wistful smile Helen Digby looked at the beautiful defiant face.

"How am I to reach your proud heart, Ethel?" she inquired. "How am I to soften you and make you believe in my sincerity?"

"I do not see that your sincerity concerns me," replied Ethel, haughtily. "Do you not think, Miss Digby, that it is time we began our preparations? You will pardon me, perhaps, if I leave you."

It was not anger that flushed the face of Helen Digby—no feeling of anger rose in her heart against the spoiled child who resented her coming so greatly—nothing but a profound sense of pity, which moved her almost to tears. Ethel's calmness did not deceive her. She understood perfectly the sorrow, the loneliness, the desolation which lay beneath that cold exterior.

"If I could but win her liking!" she thought.

But it was not to be. Ethel bade farewell to the servants, who seemed grieved and distressed at parting with her. She said farewell to the home where so many years she had been beloved and happy. It was a bright afternoon when she left Fountayne; and, unconsciously, she left the brightness and happiness of life behind her.

They had a pleasant journey through the beautiful country that lay between Fountayne and St. Ina's Bay. During the greater part of the time Ethel looked out of the carriage-windows; it was impossible, from her beautiful, cold, indifferent face, to guess the nature of her thoughts. At the different stations where they stopped people looked in wonder at the lovely girl whose proud, bright eyes seemed to glance at everything so calmly and indifferently, whom nothing seemed to interest, who received with such haughty nonchalance all the admiring glances bent upon her. What were they worth? What was all the world to her, whose heart was aching with a storm of pride, sorrow, and love?

Ethel was not wanting in politeness to Miss Digby; she replied to all her remarks, and with quiet grace received every little attention the elder lady offered her. Helen Digby would rather have seen her angry, sullen, impatient—anything rather than so coldly indifferent. It was useless to try to move her. Helen made no more attempts to win her confidence. "It will come in time," she thought; "I shall only make her angry if I persevere."

Ethel, preserving the calm on her face, allowed the dark evil spirit of hatred to enter her heart; sitting there outwardly calm, her face cold and severe, her words few and colder still, there was a fitful volcano of wrath in her soul. She felt angry, fiercely yet impotently angry, with her father, Helen Digby, and all the world besides; it was anger that could find no vent in words—that would not seek relief in speech. Yet Ethel Gordon was naturally a noble girl, proud and generous of nature, frank, truthful, and pure of soul; but she had been badly trained. She had been allowed to grow up with her faults unchecked, and the after-result was long years of bitter, unavailing sorrow, such as fall to the lot of few.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Queen's Hotel at St. Ina's Bay was different from other places of the kind. St. Ina's itself was a pretty, picturesque town, built at the foot of cliffs almost hidden by green foliage. The broad expanse of blue water, the golden sands, the winding walks up the cliffs, the pure salt breeze, the quiet that seemed to shield the pretty town, attracted visitors—but they were of a peculiar kind. There were no brass bands to enliven the promenades, there was no pier, there were no assembly-rooms or circulating libraries with their facilities for gossip and flirtation; St. Ina's had none of these seaside attractions. The visitors who came thither were grave, elderly people, tired of the noise and bustle of the world, thoughtful men who came to study, artists who wanted smiling, sunny landscapes, the wearied and sorrowful who wished for rest.

No place in England was less known than St. Ina's Bay. If any one wished, for any reason whatsoever, to find seclusion—to be as it were out of the world—the only thing needful was a visit to St. Ina's Bay. No newspaper, with its tell-tale column of visitors, was ever published there. People came to St. Ina's, remained there for a few weeks or months, and then went away, and no one perhaps, except the mistress of the house where they had been staying, ever knew their names.

The Queen's Hotel had once been St. Ina's Hall, the residence of a wealthy gentleman, who at his death left orders that it should be sold, and the proceeds from the sale divided amongst the London hospitals. It was purchased by a company, who decided to transform it into a first-class hotel. It was a grand old mansion, standing in the midst of fine grounds; there was a small pine wood which ran down to the sea, and a broad, deep lake, with water-lilies floating on its calm breast; there were groves formed by blossoming lime-trees; large cedars, the shades of which formed a most beautiful summer retreat; there were picturesque paths under the trees, where flowers grew in rich abundance; there were graceful fountains, the silvery spray of which rose high amidst the dark green foliage.

The Queen's Hotel was one of the fairest homes in England; but as a commercial speculation it had completely failed. The company had offered it several times for sale, but no one seemed to care in the least about buying it, so that from year to year it struggled on, sometimes paying its expenses, but more often leaving a deficiency for the company to meet. Some of the shareholders had suggested building a pier and a library; others declared that it was useless "to throw good money after bad."

Notwithstanding this commercial drawback, the Queen's Hotel was a favorite resort with those who wished for quiet and repose. Miss Digby had chosen it because her most intimate friend, Lady

Stafton, was staying there. To those who cared only for a beautiful sea, picturesque scenery, pure, bracing air, and quiet, it was the finest spot in England. Those who wished for society would find none there.

The rooms were large and lofty, the corridors broad and light; the hotel as a whole was quiet and peaceful as any gentleman's house. Ethel could not help liking the aspect of the place, although the silence and loneliness somewhat dismayed her.

"I thought," she said to Miss Digby, "that hotels were always full of people; this seems quite empty."

"It was for that reason I selected it," replied the elder lady. "I have been here several times, and have enjoyed as much privacy as though I had been in my own home. I hope you will not dislike the quiet, Ethel."

"It is a matter of little moment to me—all places are alike," returned Miss Gordon.

Yet, after a few days, she found the life not unpleasant. Miss Digby left her very much to her own devices. She had wished, at first, that they should share the same rooms, but Ethel's manner convinced her how unpleasant she would consider such an arrangement, so separate suites were ordered—one for Miss Gordon, and one for Miss Digby. Miss Digby's rooms were close to those occupied by Lady Stafton.

It was not an unpleasant life, but coming there at all was a mistake. Ethel was young; she had been accustomed to a life of constant activity, to plenty of society, to the occupation and excitement always attending the management of a large house; now she had nothing to fall back upon, nothing to distract her thoughts, nothing to do but muse by night and by day on the injury she imagined Helen Digby to have done her.

It was hardly the life to have chosen for a young, beautiful, gifted, imaginative girl; for once clear, calm-judging Helen Digby had made a mistake. She would have done far better to take Ethel to some seaside resort where the world would have roused her from her morbid thoughts, and have restored to her her gaiety, her animation, and her high spirits.

For the first time in her life Ethel Gordon found herself alone; for she shunned and avoided Miss Digby as much as possible. She had been accustomed to the homage and attention of a large household, to the tender love of a father who never neglected her; now she was alone, with strange faces around her, strange voices in her ear. She had been accustomed to be first; everything and every one had depended on her; now it was otherwise. She had no power and no influence. No one consulted her, her opinion was never sought. Lady Stafton had given Helen Digby what she considered sound advice.

"I see exactly how matters stand," she said, "and my counsel to you is, leave the young girl alone. Your kindness must in the end make its way. With a haughty disposition like hers, the best way to treat her is with kindly indifference. The time will come when she will seek you, not you her."

And Helen, hoping it would be for the best, watched the beautiful face in silence, looking day by day for some little mark of affection, but never receiving it—hoping that all would end well, yet turning away with a shuddering dread lest evil might follow.

It was something like hatred that Ethel felt for the lady who was to take her place. It was hard enough to lose her father, to be away from Fountayne, but it was harder still to know that when he returned he would belong to some one else, that he would give all the love, the care, the thought, that she had valued so highly to another.

If something would but happen to prevent the marriage! Yet she wished no particular harm to Miss Digby. If by raising her finger she could have injured her, she would not for worlds have done so; but she longed for something to happen—something that should lower Miss Digby in her father's estimation—that should make him think less highly of her prudence and her discretion.

Self-engrossed as the visitors at the hotel were, they could not fail to notice the beautiful, wistful face of the girl, with its listless, weary expression; she appeared so young—she was only just seventeen—yet her features had a tired look, as though she had not found life very bright.

The sweet Summer days glided on. Ethel and Miss Digby met always at breakfast, which was served in the ladies' room. At first Helen Digby had made an effort to spend the days with her young charge. Ethel would not have it so; she would either retreat to her own pretty sitting-room or say distinctly that she was going out and wished to be alone. If the place had been more frequented, Miss Digby would never have allowed the young girl to fall into the habit of wandering alone; but as Lady Stafton said—and Miss Digby agreed with her—Ethel might walk about the cliffs for years in St. Ina's and not meet any one; there could be no danger, and it pleased her, so Miss Digby did not interfere.

CHAPTER IX.

IT was a warm, beautiful evening; the sea-breeze swept over the pine woods and mingled with the perfume of the flowers; the waves broke and spread out in great sheets of white foam—they rose and fell like the change in some grand harmony. The sun shone over the sea until it resembled a sheet of heaving, restless, glittering gold.

On the lawn of the hotel the visitors were standing or sitting in little groups—some watching the shining sea, others, despite the beauty of earth and sky, deeply engrossed in books, others in conversation. Miss Digby was with Lady Stafton. They were watching the waves, and Ethel sat near them—the fairest picture on which the bright sun shone. The evening was warm, and she wore a white dress of some shining material, richly trimmed with gold fringe—a fantastic dress; but Ethel was an artist in dress as in everything else. The dress was fastened round the slender waist by a gold band, and fell in graceful folds to the pretty feet. The square-cut bodice gave a glimpse of a beautiful neck, white, and well molded; a red rose nestled close to it. The luxuriant waves of rich brown hair were loosely arranged—they were gathered back from the fair brow, and fastened with a golden arrow; a rose lay in their sunny depths. No fairer picture was ever conceived by an artist or set forth by a poet.

Ethel was not joining in the conversation—her eyes lingered on the golden, glittering sea. She was wishing that she was far away over the restless waters—that she was in any other place, and with any other people. Those who passed near her wondered at the listless expression of the beautiful young face. Her folded hands lay still. But for the faint stir in the leaves of the red rose, as it rose and fell with each breath, one might have fancied her sleeping.

Little did she imagine that she was keenly watched by a pair of dark eyes that belonged to a handsome, debonaire face. That same evening had

brought a stranger to the Queen's Hotel, who wrote his name, Laurie Nugent, Esq., and who seemed to have a well-filled purse, and was on that account made very welcome by the manager and his satellites. Mr. Nugent had declined to enter the larger dining room, where most of the guests were dining, but he had ordered a *recherche* little repast to be served to him in his own room. Then he asked to look at the visitors' book; and the manager, with a low bow, showed it to him.

"Shall you have any more guests this season, do you think?" asked Mr. Nugent, with a careless smile.

No, the manager feared not. They had been pretty fortunate in May; in June they had had very few; July, still fewer; and it was seldom that any one came in August. A satisfied expression came over the handsome face.

"I think it is very probable," said Mr. Nugent, "that, if I like the place, I may remain here for some little time."

The manager was pleased to hear it, paid great attention to the wines selected for the stranger's dinner, and told him how pleasantly the evenings could be spent in the grounds. Mr. Nugent went thither; he looked indifferently on the clear waters and blue sky, but a sudden fire flashed in his eyes as they fell upon the features of Ethel Gordon sitting under the lime-trees.

"What a beautiful girl!" he thought to himself. "Who is she?"

He stood still, and watched her with charmed eyes. He noted the proud carriage of the rich brown head, the superb beauty of the girlish face, the grace and symmetry of the perfect figure.

"Who is she?" he repeated. "And what can she be doing here?"

Still watching her intently, he noted how indifferent she was to everything around her—how motionless she sat, her eyes never for one moment leaving the great expanse of water. He noted the tired, listless expression on the exquisite face—the shadow in the beautiful eyes.

"She is not happy," he said to himself. "If she were—if her eyes were lighted up and her lips smiled—she would be simply irresistible. What can make her look so sad? At her age she ought to be all smiles and blushes."

Once he saw two ladies near her address her. She raised her eyes, but no light came into them, and when she had replied to the question asked they turned again towards the lake.

"Those are her friends, and she does not like them—she is not happy with them," was his second comment. Then he watched her again, until the evening began to close around them, and the three ladies went in.

"I shall never rest until I know who she is and all about her," he said to himself. "I hardly like to own such a thing—I who have seen some of the loveliest girls in England, and cared for none of them—but I believe, honestly, I am in love, at last."

He laughed to himself, and though his mouth was handsome, the laugh was not pleasant to hear.

"It would be a strange thing," he mused, "and shows the expediency of taking fortune at the right turn."

Mr. Nugent remained in the grounds until the dew fell on the grass and flowers, and then he went slowly indoors. A handsome fee that brightened the waiter's face, and a few discreet questions, so adroitly asked that they seemed perfectly innocent, obtained for him all the information that he required.

"Ethel Gordon," he muttered to himself; "the beautiful name suits the beautiful face." He repeated it again and again. "Ethel Gordon—Ethel with the sad sweet eyes and the sad sweet face—if I could only make her love me—if I could only win one smile from her—sweet Ethel Gordon!"

The name seemed to have a charm for him. He fell asleep that night repeating it as one repeats the words of some haunting song.

The next morning he rose early. Out in the grounds he gathered a bouquet of fairest roses; the dew was lying on them, and every leaf seemed full of perfume. With another bribe, even heavier than the first, the waiter consented to have the bouquet conveyed to Miss Gordon's room.

"Be particular, and do not mention from whom you received it."

The waiter in his turn bribed a chambermaid; and when Ethel rose one of the first things she saw upon her toilet-table was a superb bouquet of roses, and on the paper enfolding them she read, in strange quaint characters, the words, "Sweets to the sweet." She took up the roses and looked at them wonderingly. Who had cared sufficiently for her to send her these? She had been at the hotel to many weeks, and no one had ever appeared to recognize her. Who had risen to gather these beautiful roses for her? Who had written those pretty words—"Sweets to the sweet?"

It did not enter her mind that it was an admirer, a lover. Such a possibility never occurred to Ethel. That some day there would come to her a vague beautiful dream called love she felt intuitively; that there would come a fairy prince who would change all the world for her, making it doubly fair and doubly bright, she also felt, and she thought of it with a softened light in her eyes and a crimson blush on her fair face. The happy time would come, for it came once in every one's life—when, she did not know. She had felt no want in her life; her father's love and her own pretty, fantastic will had more than filled it. No voice in her heart had cried out to her that her life was unfinished because love had formed no part of it. The joyous time would come sooner or later, and that beautiful golden future had a greater charm for her than flirtations and lovers had for other girls.

The grandest heritage of woman was not hers yet—the love that suffers, that endures, that brings with it keenest bliss and keenest pain—the love that makes of this world a paradise or a purgatory—the love that crowns a woman's life or brings with it certain death. No warning came to her from the sweet dewy roses, or each fragrant leaf might have cried: "Beware! Beware!"

Mr. Nugent had rightly guessed that Miss Gordon was too proud to question the servants about the sender of the flowers. She held them in her white hands; she inhaled their luscious perfume; she kissed the sweet crimson leaves.

"You come from a friend," she said, "therefore you are welcome."

She hesitated shyly whether she should place one of them in her belt or in her hair; and shyness gained the day. She left them in her room, but all that day it seemed to her that she had a friend near at hand.

Laurie Nugent laid his plans. He had determined upon a floral siege; if Miss Gordon were inclined to romance—as from her face he expected—this silent fragrant wooing would have a great charm for her. He watched her that day in silent admiration, yet keeping out of her sight.

The next morning Ethel found on her table a bouquet of lilies, fair, white, and odorless, but on the paper that enfolded them was written no word. Her wonder increased. Who was there that cared enough about her to send such lovely flowers? It could not be Miss Digby.

"I should hate them if I thought they came from her," she said to herself.

Her face flushed, and her eyes flashed. She would have trampled the delicate lilies under-foot if Helen Digby's hand had gathered them. But it could not be so. Miss Digby was kind, courteous, and graceful; still she would never have thought of anything so sentimental as sending flowers steeped in the early morning dew.

On the morning following there came a bouquet more beautiful still; it was composed of large, rich, velvety heartseases; and then Ethel's suspicions were aroused. It must be some one who admired her. Yet she had seen no one. There were one or two ladies and two or three elderly married gentlemen staying at the hotel. It could be none of these. Who was it sent the flowers? Ethel resolved on that, the third day of receiving them, to look carefully around and take more interest in the living world.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW POST OFFICE AND UNITED STATES COURT-ROOMS.

THE massive granite edifice now occupied as the New York Post Office and the United States Courts is by far the finest building in this city. Ground was broken for the foundation of the building on August 9th, 1869, and although the work lagged for a while, from lack of proper appropriations, it has been built in as short a time, and at as small a cost, as could be expected, taking into consideration its immense size, beauty, symmetry, strength, and splendid internal arrangements. It will have cost, when finished, about \$8,000,000.

The building is a triangular structure, the three sides of which front on the City Hall Park, Broadway and Park Row, respectively; the Park Row front is 278 feet long, and the other two fronts are 280 feet each in length. The extreme length of the building from the Park front to the opposite extremity is 286 feet. The height from the sidewalk to the lantern on the south end of the building is 135 feet, to the pavilion 140 feet, and to the dome 182 feet. Below the sidewalk are a basement and a cellar, the cellar being 7 feet and the basement 14 feet high. Above these there are five stories, the first, second and fifth of which are set apart for the Post Office, the third and fourth for the courts and the offices connected with them. The first story is 29 feet high; all the other stories are 22 feet, with the exception of the District and Circuit Court Rooms and the Criminal Court Rooms, which rise from the second to the fourth floor.

The portion of the building devoted to the Post Office is admirably arranged for the transaction of the immense business of the department, and for the accommodation of the public. The basement is the large working-room of the Post Office, where the mails are opened and packed, newspapers assorted, and all other work of that nature performed. A number of semicircular frames, called "ovens," filled with pigeon-holes, from 200 to 250 being in each "oven," are among the principal features of this portion of the building. The pigeon-holes are made unusually large, so that letters and packages can be thrown in with the greatest possible rapidity. Twenty large tables are also placed here for the purpose of emptying the mails upon them. On the southwest side of the basement is a large iron store-room, for the purpose of holding all the mail-bags in the United States not in use. Wardrobe and other accommodations for the employees are also liberally provided in this portion of the building.

The floor on the street level is the one that will become the most familiar to the public, and presents a striking contrast to the cramped and dingy space occupied for the same purpose in the old structure on Nassau Street. The boxes and windows for the delivery of mail matter and for the sale of stamps and envelopes are on this floor. Partitions fifteen feet high divide the working space for the clerks from the wide corridors for the accommodation of the public. On the Broadway side are the receptacles for drop-letters, where a new feature has been introduced which will, if properly carried out, greatly facilitate the business of dispatching mails and serve as a school of geography for those who daily post a great number of letters. The openings for the reception of mail matter are labeled with the names of the various States of the Union, and special drops are provided for the principal cities. By a little care on the part of persons mailing letters they can assist in assorting the immense mail that daily passes through the New York office, and aid in making the department more useful to all. Some idea of the great advantage this simple arrangement will be to the hard-worked officials can be formed, when it is remembered that the average number of domestic letters received and distributed daily is 300,000; the number of foreign letters received, 30,000; the number dispatched, 35,000, and the number of local letters received and distributed 120,000.

Postmaster James has his private office in the southwest front on the second story. He occupies a large room in the southwest front and a small one on the same side, near the Park Row front. The office of the Assistant Postmaster is also on this floor. These offices are finely decorated.

The rooms facing Broadway on this floor are occupied by the Post Office Money Order Department. One of these rooms, 100 feet in length by 22 in width, contains an elegant mahogany screen counter, similar to those constructed in banks, with windows for fourteen clerks. Besides this, there are fourteen desks for receiving clerks, and thirty desks for the other clerks of the department. The rooms are otherwise handsomely furnished. The rooms in the Broadway wing, facing the light court, are used by searchers and money-order clerks. In the opposite wing, the rooms facing Park Row are occupied by the Post Office Cashier's Department, the offices being of the same size and furnished in the same manner as those of the Money Order Department. The apartment on this side, which is nearest the southwest front, is occupied by the auditor, and is subdivided into two rooms by an ornamental counter and screen. The rooms in this wing looking upon the light court are used by the general mail agent.

THE COURT ROOMS.

On the side of the second story, facing City Hall Park, the room nearest Broadway is the United District Court Room, measuring 36 by 60 feet. Its height is 40 feet, extending through the third story. The centre room on this side is for the United States Circuit Court, being 45 by 60 feet, and of the same height as the District Court Room. The room nearest Park Row is for the Equity Term Room, 25 feet square and 20 feet in height. Between the courts are the private rooms of the judges, toilet-rooms, etc. The walls and ceilings of the court-rooms are in ornamented white "hard finish." Opening upon the light court on this side are two rooms for male and female witnesses.

On the City Hall front of the third story, the room above the Equity Term Room, extending also

over the judges' private rooms on the floor below, is used for the United States Criminal Term Room. It is of about the same size as the District Court, and extends in height through the fourth story.

In the Park Row wing, the room nearest City Hall Park is occupied as the office of Judge Woodruff. The rooms adjoining this are used for the Clerk of the Circuit Court.

The rooms on the southwest front, and two rooms on Park Row, are occupied for the District Attorney's office. A circular room at the corner of the southwest and Broadway fronts is used by the United States Marshal, together with two rooms facing Broadway. The other rooms on Broadway are occupied by the Clerk of the District Court, with the exception of one, which is used as the office of Judge Blatchford. The rooms facing the light court include waiting-rooms for witnesses and the office of Judge Benedict.

The fourth story contains the Law Library and offices for the District Court clerks and United States marshals, the Circuit Court and District Attorney's clerks, and the Chief Supervisor of Elections and his clerks. The Law Library fills two magnificent rooms, with a small Committee Room between. The library consists of 18,000 volumes, nearly all of which are already arranged on the shelves. Whatever of value is published in this country or Great Britain bearing on legal subjects is purchased for the library, which also contains a fine collection of about 600 volumes of French law-books, with a lesser number of Spanish, Italian and German works. The only libraries in this country which can compare favorably with it in its special scope are the Library of Congress at Washington, and the New York State Library at Albany. In the middle of the larger room is a marble statue of James T. Brady, by MacDonald. Over one of the windows will be placed a large portrait painting of William Curtis Noyes, the former librarian. In the first or west room will be portraits of Chancellor Kent, Thomas Addis Emmet, and Judge Greene C. Bronson. In the Committee Room there will be two medallions in bronze, one representing Charles O'Connor, the present President of the Library, the other representing William M. Evans, the Chairman of the Committee on Jurisprudence; there will also be displayed a silver vase bequeathed by Hugh Maxwell.

The fifth story will be given up to the documents of the Post Office Department.

The building is fire-proof throughout, and all the window-shutters, which are of iron two inches thick, are so arranged that in case of a fire from without threatening the building they can be easily closed by persons within. Each floor is lighted by sixty large windows from the outside, and every floor, except the first, by twenty-one windows from the inside, the light coming to these latter by the open central spaces of the building. There are ten elevators in the building for mail matter, and four for passengers and general freight. Twelve of the elevators are worked by hydraulic pressure. The four passenger elevators run to the top of the building; the other ten from the basement to the first floor and gallery. Seven principal staircases rise from the first to the fifth story, and there are about twenty smaller ones to various points in the building. All the staircases are spiral and constructed of iron. There is a heater beneath each window, a fanlight over every door, and ventilators in every room connecting with the top of the building. The cellar is occupied by heating apparatus for the whole building, by boilers and engines, for running the elevators, etc.

MENTAL PICTURES.

THERE can be no doubt that some persons possess the power of forming mental pictures so perfect as to serve all the purposes of objective realities—that is, to admit of processes which may be called mental manipulation. Most of us have experienced the existence of this faculty in dreams. For instance, we dream of reading a book, and the mental conception of the book is so perfect that, as it were, we turn leaf after leaf, finding each page perfectly presented—paper, type, arrangement, etc., all pictured by a process of unconscious cerebration, precisely corresponding to the conscious action of the mind which we have assumed in our explanation of Colburn's mastery over a certain class of arithmetical problems. The same faculty is exercised by the artist who draws either from memory or by a sort of creative talent which enables him to conceive suitable forms or attitudes, and copy them as though the conceptions were realities. Dr. Richardson, in an interesting essay on hallucinations, mentions a singular illustration of this faculty in the case of William Blake. This artist once "produced three hundred portraits from his own hand in one year." When asked on what his peculiar power of rapid work depended, he answered "that when a sister came to him, he looked at him attentively for half an hour, sketching from time to time on the canvas, and then he put away the canvas and took another sitter. When he wished to resume the first portrait, he said, 'I took the man, and put him in the chair, where I saw him as distinctly as if he had been before me in his own proper person. When I looked at the chair, I saw the man.' It may be well to mention that the exercise of this faculty is fraught with danger in some cases. Blake, after a while, began to lose the power of distinguishing between real and imaginary sitters, so that (the *seigneur* is not quite manifest, however) he became actually insane, and remained in an asylum for thirty years. Then his mind was restored to him, and he resumed the use of the pencil; but the old evil threatened to return, and he once more forsook his art, soon afterwards to die.

It may perhaps appear to the reader that this case, however remarkable in itself, does not prove the possibility of conceiving with perfect distinctness other objects than were retained in the memory, and therefore is not sufficient to explain the mental feats before considered. But there are cases not less remarkably illustrating the distinctness of the mental vision, where the objects conceived were certainly not called up by an act of memory. Thus Talma the tragedian could at will picture a crowded audience as so many skeletons, each perfect in every detail corresponding to the attitude of the person thus metamorphosed. This case is the more remarkable that usually the exercise of the bodily eye interferes with that of the mind's eye. Talma was not only able to picture the theatre as full of skeletons, but they became so real in appearance, that he acted as though they were his auditors and critics; and Hyacinthe Langlois tells us that Talma's acting was rendered more intensely effective by the imagined presence of these singular spectators.

To sum up—we perceive that the human mind is capable of forming pictures of processes, by following which mentally, calculations of considerable complexity may be carried out, and other useful results obtained; we see that the mind can so perfectly picture some processes as to help in actually training the body by mere mental exercise; and lastly we note that such powers, and even the accumulated results of long years of experience,

may in some cases be transmitted hereditarily. In these facts we may recognize interesting evidence respecting the possible future development of the human mind.

INCREASE OF OUR NATIONAL WEALTH FROM IMMIGRATION.

IN 1856 the Commissioners of Emigration in New York examined every immigrant as to the amount of his means, and it was ascertained that the average cash of each of the 142,342 arriving that year was \$68.08. But it subsequently appeared that many immigrants, not understanding the object of this inquiry, were careful not to report the full amount of their means. Mr. Kapp, therefore, estimated the average amount of money brought by each immigrant at \$100, and other personal property at \$50; total, \$150. This estimate is believed by many to be beyond the facts, and Dr. Young estimates the average amount brought by each at \$80. Assuming that the 422,545 aliens who arrived in the United States in 1873, with the intention of remaining, brought an average of \$80 each, it will be seen that the immigration of that year added \$33,803,600 to the wealth of the country. Applying the same calculation to the total number of aliens arriving, with the intention of remaining, from the formation of the Government to the beginning of 1874, and the result is about \$712,000,000 as the total amount contributed by immigration to the wealth of the country since its origin. But the economic value of the immigrant, arising from the addition to the industrial and intellectual resources of the country, is still greater. Dr. Young makes the average capital of each immigrant \$800. At this rate, the emigration to the United States in 1873 added about \$338,000,000 to the national wealth, while the increase from this source since the formation of the Government is about \$7,125,700,000.—*Appletons' Cyclopaedia*.

AN ATTEMPT TO ESTABLISH A FASHION.

AN attempt was made last season by an enterprising man-milliner, in London, to introduce leopard-skin into female attire. Perhaps it is a pity he did not succeed, for, had leopard-skin become fashionable, the animals would have been obliged to change their spots pretty quickly, on pain of extermination. Spite of their teeth and claws, leopard and panther, cheetah and ocelot would soon have gone the way of seals and other inoffensive creatures unlucky enough to attract the feminine eye. Pestiferous jungles and rocky nullahs would have extended their arms in vain to protect those doomed by Fashion's fleeting fancy. For the arm of fashion is long, and the whim of a Parisian belle propels the savage assegai in the sun-burned lands under the equator. Leopards demolished, it would have been necessary to fall back on the tiger, and a good riddance that handsome gentleman would have been. Unfortunately, fashion has not yet set in the direction of the more dangerous and destructive of beasts, except in the horrid custom of wearing tiger's claws as a bracelet or a brooch.—*All the Year Round*.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A Congress has been held at Nancy on the history, archaeology, and languages of the American continent. The city was illuminated, and a banquet was given by the municipality to the foreign members of the Congress. A most interesting exhibition took place, principally of American stone implements, Peruvian mummies, Colombian idols, and skulls of a number of aborigines. The Congress discussed questions relating to the discovery of America before Columbus, by Norwegians, Phoenicians, and Buddhists, and did not appear inclined to believe in the reality of any of the traditions. There were also discussed at some length the relations of Esquimaux tribes with those of Northern Asia, traditions as to white men, the monuments of the Mississippi Valley, and the rock inscriptions, without coming to any definite conclusions.

THE MOST IMPORTANT PAPER of the July number of the *Bulletin* of the French Geographical Society is on the geography of the Athabasca-Mackenzie region by the Abbe E. Petitot, who has spent twelve years as a missionary in that inhospitable portion of North America, making many journeys to all parts of the district indicated, lying between the Coppermine River and the Rocky Mountains, and the Great Slave Lake and the Arctic Ocean. The Abbe gives a brief resume of discovery in this region, and a short sketch of the various journeys he himself made, to be followed by further details. An excellent map accompanies the narrative, and although the explorer's instruments were rather scanty, it is evident that he has added largely to our knowledge of the district of country referred to.

DR. HERMAN SPRENGEL'S improvement in the manufacture of sulphuric acid has met with great success. The process was patented in 1873, and consists in injecting water in the form of spray into the chambers, instead of steam. To effect this, a jet of steam escapes from a platinum nozzle at a pressure of about two pounds, and blows through the centre of a flowing jet of water by means of an apparatus similar in principle to Herapath's blow-pipe. These jets are let into the chamber at a distance of 40 feet. The advantages gained are economy of fuel, nitric acid and pyrites. The method has been in use at the works of the "Laws Chemical Manure Company" at Barking, (Erg.), and the returns show that a saving of coal to the amount of two-thirds of the quantity formerly burned has been effected—the total saving in steam, nitric acid and labor during three months, amounting to five shillings per ton of acid of sp. gr. 1.6 made from pyrites.

NEARLY every child knows why the dog wags his tail; but children of the larger growth have been unable to discover the uses of tails in animals. Conjectural reasons are abundant. Inasmuch, however, as they apply solely to animals which have not lost their appendages, they are not convincing. One observer asserts that tails are of essential service to some animals in guiding them when running rapidly, and instances the grayhound, which cannot go after a hare so well if his tail is docked, as he cannot use it in turning about. The fox is said to use his bushy tail as a warning-pan. Rats, mice, and cats use theirs as a balancing-pole when running along a narrow piece of wood. Old entomologists considered the chief object of the "kitten" caterpillar's tail to be a means of whipping off the ichneumons, but younger ones say this position is not tenable because in the Chinese and Hawk-moth specimens the appendage is a spike instead of a pliable bone. Rats derive much benefit from the use of their tails as a spoon, when liquids are beyond the reach of the mouth, and also, with the monkey, in climbing, by swinging from one limb to another until a desired foothold is reached. The tail of a mule is justly considered in all nations as necessary to the clear and impressive rendition of selections from his operatic repertoire as the mouth itself, because it has been frequently proved that if a mule's tail is confined by the weight of half a dozen bricks, all the musical functions of the animal immediately cease. The utility of tails is now under discussion in several English Zoological Societies.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. DISRAELI receives a salary of £5,000 a year as Premier of Great Britain.

THE monument to John A. Andrew, Massachusetts' War Governor, is ready for dedication, at Hingham.

YOU may not believe it, but Orville Grant—a brother, please remember—has resigned his position as Indian trader.

JOHN SARTAIN, the engraver, has been appointed chief of the Fine Art Department of the Centennial Exhibition.

GENERAL MCALPINE, of Albany, N. Y., furnished the plan for the improvement of the Danube that was accepted by the Austrian Government.

MR. PLIMSOLL began his noble crusade in favor of the British sailor ten years ago, immediately after narrowly escaping being shipwrecked with his wife.

COUNT FOURTALES-GEORGIETZ, one of the attaches of the French Embassy in London, has been transferred as a Secretary to the French Legation at Washington.

GOVERNOR-ELECT IRWIN of California is a native of Butler County, Ohio. He went to the Golden State in 1852, and in 1861 was elected a member of the Lower House of the Legislature. In 1869 he was elected to the Senate, and re-elected in 1873, being President of the Senate *pro tem* under Governor Booth. He was elected to the Senate again, and became acting Lieutenant Governor. He is now filling that office. From 1866 up to March last he occupied the editorial chair of the *Yreka Union*, and there had an excellent experience for the new position to which he has been called.

THE death of the widow of Rezin P. Bowie, brother of James Bowie, from whom the bowie-knife takes its name, has revived a number of stories connected with the lives of the Bowie brothers. The Bowies were born in Tennessee. Their mother was Eliza Ap Catesby Ap-Jones, a Welsh lady, nearly related to our commodore of the same name. Their father was Reese Bowie, a staunch old Scotchman, direct descendant of the damtless Helen McGregor, wife of the famous chieftain Rob Roy. The greatest fight the Bowies ever had was when they and eighteen others, some of whom were boys, fought against two hundred Indians on the Texas prairie, and finally defeated them.

M. MEISSONIER has been asked to deliver the eulogy on the character of the late Corot at the annual meeting of the French Academy of Fine Arts. His country residence, where he does the greater part of his work, is near Sardou's chateau at Morley. Like Dore, and unlike nearly every other artist, he is not in the habit of concealing his paintings until they are completed. Starting in life without a sou, and at eighteen acting as a color-grinder in a studio in Paris, he has brushed himself into the possession of immense wealth, his series of battle paintings from the Crimean and Italian campaigns alone yielding 500,000 francs. He lives modestly, but spends his money in a lavish manner for his studies and professional necessities.

REMOX appears determined to marry Premier Steinberger as soon as possible. First, it was announced that he was engaged to "the Princess" Mrs. Forsythe, a widow lady, daughter of Mr. Coe, the late American Consul at Apia. She is a half-caste and has made her house a rendezvous of the Americans and English visiting Samoa. Discovering that the "intimacy" consisted merely of a few calls, the same authority dealt the cards again, and produced another face. This belongs to the widowed Queen Safao, sister of the newly-elected King, who possesses great beauty and one child. They do say that Steinberger has looked at her, and that the King is anxious for the match. But in the eyes of a Samoan woman of quality the highest stature is the most attractive, and as the Premier is quite short, a decidedly insuperable "if" stands in the way.

WE received information last week that General Joseph E. Johnston after frequent solicitation has accepted the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Khivdi's army, with a salary of \$25,000 per year. He is a native of Prince Edward County, Va., and about sixty-five years old. Graduating at West Point in 1829, he first served in the artillery branch. At the beginning of the Florida War he was transferred to the engineering department, and served throughout that campaign. He was wounded at Cerro Gorda and Chapultepec, Mexico. It was General Johnston who, by a forced march to Bull Run, caused the memorable defeat of the Federal troops in the first serious conflict of the late war. He was the last to surrender; and although he had sufficient artillery and infantry to cause Sherman much annoyance, when he heard of Lee's capitulation he deemed a continuance of the struggle a barbarism, and placed his army in Sherman's control, April 20th, 1865.

THE great "American Claimant," Mrs. General Gaines, has stepped to the front again, and declared that, inasmuch as he deserted her cause, Caleb Cushing shall have exactly not one cent of her money. Her first suit, for the vast property in New Orleans, alleged to have descended to her from her father, was begun more than forty-three years ago. From that time to the present her case has passed through all the Courts in Louisiana, and after them the Federal ones. Both the State and United States Courts have rendered many decisions in her favor, but in every instance a final settlement has been prevented by numberless injunctions. Nearly all the prominent lawyers, from Daniel Webster down to Caleb Cushing, have at times been employed by her, and, with few exceptions, all the original contestants, and her various counsel, are dead. She is still hopeful, like the French Spoliator heirs. Her health seems to grow stronger every day. In her personal appearance she is exceedingly aristocratic, and amazingly youthful. Her face is a pleasant study; the features are regular and strongly outlined, and her eyes are even now dangerously fascinating. She is nearly seventy years of age.

YAKOUB KHAN, to whom Russia attributes the Khokand insurrection, has wielded authority in East Turkistan since 1863, when he succeeded in expelling the Chinese. He was a prominent chieftain of Khokand, but, becoming unfriendly to the Khan, he raised a powerful army, with which he broke up the camp of the Chinese besiegers. This was followed by proclaiming himself the Emir. The Moslems were grateful for being released from Buddhist rule, and his ascendancy was thus rendered a matter of time and judgment only. His power extended over that vast field embraced by the Pamir Steppe, the Thian Shan Mountains and the Hindoo Kush. A few years ago a Chinese expedition was sent against him; but, learning of the movement, he quietly checked it by annexing the Provinces of Manas and Urmutchee. His first act of diplomacy was to flatter the Sultan of Turkey into recognizing him as the head of Islam in East Turkistan, and guaranteeing assistance in the emergency of a war beyond his resources. The second was to simulate an amicable understanding with Russia. As his territory is envied alike at Constantinople and St. Petersburg, his position is quite an interesting one. The Sultan has paid him well, with cannon and other military weapons, for his friendship, hoping thereby to secure a further alliance against Russia; while the Czar, through the representations of General Kaufmann, who led the expedition to the capital of Khokand, regards him at this special time as his *bête noir*. Yakoub is not of royal, nor even noble, blood; but no one knowing his career will doubt his possession of great industry, perseverance, strategic skill and diplomatic cunning.

A BEAVER DAM ON HENRY'S FORK, UTAH.

HENRY'S FORK of the Green River was at one time thickly inhabited by beavers, but they have been nearly driven out by the advance of civilization. There are many left, however, in some of the quiet nooks, and there the traveler has a fine chance to study the peculiarities of their lives and labors. The engraving shows a dam constructed by them which extends across the channel of the fork, and is about fifty yards in length and from three to five feet in height. Beaver Dam Gulch, a stream flowing into the main creek at Atlantic City, the bed of which is completely monopolized by colonies of beavers, which have built a continuous series of dams, from bank to bank, for a distance of three or four miles. The amount of work these animals perform, and the mechanical ingenuity they display in its accomplishment, would hardly obtain credence were it not for the incontrovertible evidence spread before the eye of the traveler.

THE SENECA LAKE REGATTA.

THE second annual regatta of the Watkins Glen and Seneca Lake Regatta and Rowing Association began on Wednesday, September 8th. Tuesday was originally designated as the opening day for the races, but the lake was so rough that a postponement till Wednesday was necessary. The course was laid off along the western shore of the lake, with turning-buoys at the mile and mile and a half. The grand stand was erected on the shore, opposite the starting-point, so that the spectators had a full view of the start and finish. The judges were stationed on a scow anchored outside the starting-buoys, and the referee and the members of the press followed the rowers in the steam yacht *Eliza Wilson*. Two large steamers, belonging to the Seneca Lake Steam Navigation Company, carried large crowds

of spectators who preferred a view from the water. Towards evening there was not a seat to be had on the grand stand, and the banks of the lake for a quarter of a mile each way were lined with people, including the usual complement of sharpers and their victims.

The first race on the programme for Wednesday was the six-oared race. There were three entries: the Cornell University Crew (victors in the inter-collegiate contest), the Cornell Freshmen and the

Watkins Crew. Cornell led at the finish by four lengths, the Watkins Crew second, and the Cornell Freshmen third. The time was as follows:

	M.	S.
Cornell University	19	00
Watkins	19	28
Cornell Freshmen	19	48

The junior single-scul race (two miles) followed, Robinson, of the Union Springs Club, winning in 14m. 37½s.; Francis, of the Cornell Navy, second

in 14m. 49s.; and Lefman, of the Neptune Club, third in 14m. 54s.

The last race of the day and of the regatta was a special match in single-sculls between Smith, of Rochester, and Daniel Ward. It proved to be the finest race of the regatta. It was won by Ward after a hard struggle. Time 16m. 48s.

in 14m. 49s.; and Lefman, of the Neptune Club, third in 14m. 54s.

The third race was three miles, for four-oared boats, there being four entries. Following is the result, the Senecas being disabled by breaking an oar:

	M.	S.
Union Springs	19	55
Stars (Roch.)	20	07
Watkins	20	20
Senecas	dr.	

The last race was the pair-oar, two miles, the entries being Ostrom and King of Cornell and Courtney and Robinson of the Union Springs Club. The Cornell pair won easily in 14m. 46½s., the Union Springs Crew making the distance in 15m. 57½s.

On Thursday the first contest was the professional single-scul race, two miles. The entries were Gilbert Ward, Biglin, Daniel Ward, Kilsby, of Philadelphia, and Powell of Pittsburgh. It was a close race between Powell and Gil and Daniel Ward, who came in in the order named, Powell's time being 16m. 52s.

The second race was the amateur single-sculls, two miles. Francis, of Cornell, and Riley, of Staten Island, being the entries. Francis broke badly and fell behind, leaving the race to Riley, who won in 15m. 10s.

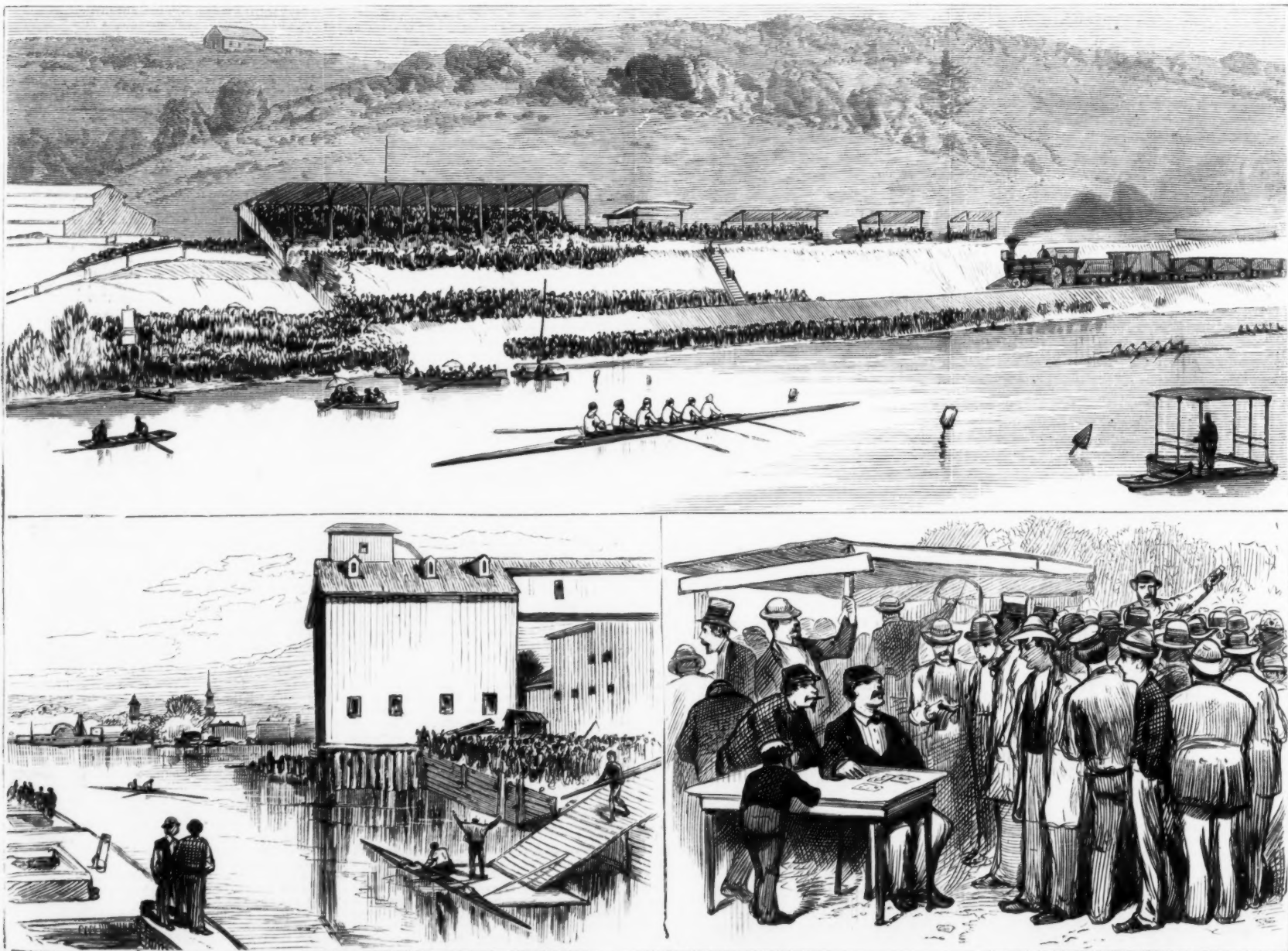
The other races were rowed by professionals, the first being in pair-oared shells, three miles. The entries were the Ward brothers, Biglin and Kilsby, of New York, and Smith and Crouch, of Rochester. The bad steering of the latter crew left them out of the race, and the Wards easily led the third crew from the start to the finish, winning in 21m. 54s.

The fourth race was for four-oared shells, three miles, with two entries—the three Ward brothers and Cavitt, against Biglin, Kilsby, Powell and Brown. The latter crew lost several lengths by bad steering, and the Wards won again in 20m. 3s.

The last race of the day and of the regatta was a special match in single-sculls between Smith, of Rochester, and Daniel Ward. It proved to be the finest race of the regatta. It was won by Ward after a hard struggle. Time 16m. 48s.



THE HAYDEN EXPEDITION.—A BEAVER DAM ON HENRY'S FORK OF GREEN RIVER, UTAH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. JACKSON.



No. 1. The Six-oared Race, the Cornell Crew the winners. No. 2. Getting ready for the race. No. 3. Sharpers and their victims.

NEW YORK.—THE SECOND ANNUAL REGATTA AT SENECA LAKE—THE FIRST DAY.—FROM SKETCHES BY HARRY OGDEN.

THE LATE PIETRO VAINI.

PIETRO VAINI, whose tragical death at a festive gathering of distinguished people on City Island, August 31st, will long be remembered, was a Roman by birth, of good family, and well educated. He was a pupil of the eminent artist Fracassini, who died in his arms. Among his fellow-students were Moriano Fortuny, Edward Zamacois and Henri Regnault, all of whom have since died. For so young a man—Vaini was but twenty-nine years old when he died—he received unusual encouragement before he left Rome, from the foreign and the home public. He enjoyed in Italy the patronage of the Princess Margharita, wife of Prince Humbert, heir-apparent to the Italian throne. For a portrait of her boy, she made Pietro a gift of a ring which he was wearing at the time of his death. He came to New York in April, 1872, and took a studio in 212 Fifth Avenue. He was very successful here, as he had been at home. His talent was extremely versatile, and he was equally skillful with oil, pastels, or crayon.



THE LATE PIETRO VAINI.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORA.

He painted compositions of various characters. His patrons were of the best class, and he had an abundance of them. Many of his works have attracted attention in the exhibitions of the Academy of Design. They were remarkable for brilliancy of coloring. Some of his subjects were noticeable for their tragic character. He was not suffering from pecuniary distress at all. He was very industrious and made plenty of money.

His first work in New York was a portrait of Mrs. Doremus, done in pastel, which was one of the most successful works of the kind produced in America. The next composition which he exhibited illustrated a tragic incident from Florentine history. Veronica Cibo, a duchess, jealous of her husband, having procured the murder of her rival, sent her victim's head to her husband, ornamented with ruffles. The picture shows the duchess contemplating the ghastly head upon a table before her. This work is still in the studio in Fifth Avenue. He painted a number of cabinet pictures, mostly of women in modern costumes. One, which was that of a young and pretty woman crossing a brook on a moldering log in the woods, attracted much attention at Goupil's, where it was placed on exhibition.

His large picture "After the War," which was exhibited last year at the Academy, presented a mother and child begging by the wayside in Winter. At the recent exhibition he had a cabinet picture, "Father's Photograph," and a large canvas, "First Grief," portraying a little girl weeping over a dead bird. One of his most popular paintings was "The Page," for which a handsome little Italian boy of about seven years, who waited in his studio and admitted visitors, was the model. It was highly complimented by his friends, some of whom regarded it as his best creation.

His latest works, finished a few months ago, were fine life-size portraits of Mme. Ristori and her daughter. On Ristori's departure from New York she ordered them to be sent to

Rome, thus preventing their exhibition here. The fresco-work in the new Fifth Avenue Theatre was done by him, in connection with Signor Garibaldi. Pietro Vaini was an indefatigable worker, and often—when with his friends in leisure moments—contrasted the life and bustle of this metropolis with the sluggish atmosphere and slow ways of Rome.

Professor R. Ogden Doremus gives the following account, which appeared in the *Sun*: "Signor Pietro Vaini came to this city from Rome about four years ago. His talents were immediately recognized, and his workroom in Dodworth's building in Twenty-sixth Street was well frequented by picture-buyers and his fellow-artists. For the past few weeks his friends have feared that his brain had become affected from over-work, and he expressed to several his great anxiety about himself. He seemed to labor under the impression that some person was following him with evil intent. By the advice of his friends he spent several days in recreation with Professor Doremus at City Island. The change of scene was but partially beneficial, the hallucination still being the subject of conversation. He seemed to enjoy the novelty of an old-fashioned Rhode Island clam-bake. In his recitation he spoke slowly at first, but gradually increased in fervor, and attracted the unbounded admiration of all present by his dramatic talent, as with a clear and sonorous voice and startling expression of countenance he recited the lines of a favorite poet in his native tongue. When at the height of his excitement, his limbs quivering with passion, he turned to his compatriot and said: "You understand Italian?" and immediately finished his recitation with "Il Dio e Giudice de tutti i Giudici, e Giudice di questo, mio atto." (God is the Judge of all judges, and is the Judge of this, my act.) Looking around the scene of the festive occasion, he drew a small revolver from his side-pocket and fired, the bullet entering the brain near the right temple. Signor Vaini lived four hours after the shot, but never spoke. Coroner Lewis of Yonkers held the inquest, and the jury pronounced it a case of suicide while laboring under a temporary aberration of mind. Some of Vaini's friends assert that the first signs of mental disturbance which they noticed in him were manifested after his sensitive nature had been inexpressibly shocked by certain harsh, ill-natured comments which the splenetic "art-critic" of the *Tribune* had wantonly flung at his pictures in the last exhibition. Those pictures, however, won almost universal commendation from the press. Signor Vaini leaves a father, mother, four sisters and a brother, who are living in



THE LATE SAMUEL D. TILLMAN, PH.D., LL.D.

Italy. They may be assured of the heartiest sympathy of the lamented Pietro Vaini's American friends.

THE LATE PROF. SAMUEL D. TILLMAN.

PROFESSOR TILLMAN, who died September 4th, was a native of Utica, Oneida County, N. Y., and was sixty-two years of age on the 1st of April last. His father was an enterprising business man, and soon after the birth of his son removed to Geneva, N. Y., where Samuel prepared himself for Union College, which he entered in his sixteenth year, graduating with honor four years later. He next studied law in Canandaigua, and practiced there for several years, after which he removed to Seneca Falls and continued the practice of his profession. He was elected President of the Town

Council repeatedly. About twenty years ago he came to New York and abandoned the practice of his profession, which had always been subordinate to his love of literature and natural aptitude for mechanics and scientific investigations. He was possessed of a fine inventive faculty, and was an active worker in the field of beneficent social reform. During the past twenty years he has been a prominent member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and has numbered among his warm personal friends and collaborators, such men as President Barnard, Professor Morse, Professor Henry, the late John E. Gavitt, and others. Soon after Mr. Tillman came to New York he became a member of the American Institute; was created a Professor of Science and Mechanics, and elected Corresponding Secretary of the American Institute. For many years he acted as the editor of the Annual Transactions of the Institute published by the State,

and as Chairman of the Polytechnic Club. He was made at different times Master of Arts, Doctor of Laws, and at the last commencement of Union College, a Doctor of Philosophy. Few men were more thoroughly informed than he in every department of science, invention and practical mechanical and general knowledge. His studies in the Science of Music were profound, resulting in a Musical Treatise and Tonometer, a revolving musical scale, showing the relative position of all the true and tempered notes in the major and minor modes in every key now known, in the form of an inexpensive school chart. He also invented and perfected a new, and by far the most perfect, simple and intelligible nomenclature of Chemistry ever devised. And he propounded a new Theory of Atoms, which has received the highest commendations from the savans of this country and Europe. His latest perfected invention was a Planisphere designed for schools, colleges, and libraries, and wherever maps and globes are used or required. Professor Tillman was remarkable for his geniality and almost feminine gentleness of nature and manner, and his death makes a void in the ranks of American scientists not easily filled.

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

THE new building of the Chamber of Commerce, Indianapolis, Ind., is located on the corner of Maryland and Tennessee Streets, and cost \$71,691.34, the expense actually falling below the



INDIANA.—THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF INDIANAPOLIS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SALTER & JUDD, INDIANAPOLIS.

estimate by \$5,300. The notable element of beauty, both within and without, lies in the symmetry of its proportions rather than in the embellishments of style and ornaments. It is pre-eminently a substantial and business-like structure, plain, elegant, and tasteful. Not a pound of inferior material was permitted to go into any part. It is heated by steam throughout, with the most improved apparatus, supplied abundantly with water for every room, and lighted with well-arranged gas-fixtures of approved construction. The ground-floor is devoted to several very spacious business offices, suitable for railroad or other business, most or all of which are rented. Passing up the front steps, the hall-way is entered which leads to the stairs which ascend from the second floor to the Board of Trade hall at the rear of the building, thus rendering all the business offices of the second floor eligible by their publicity.

On the right of the ante-room is the Secretary's Office, flanked on the left by a Committee Room. Both of these are elegant and complete for their purpose. Between them the two stairways unite and lead into the finest hall in the city, if not in this country. It is over 100 feet long by 60 feet in width and 33½ feet to the ceiling. The light and airy style of the room strikes every one agreeably on entering. Around the sides, between the windows, are the elegant steam-heating pipes, while from the ceiling two immense reflecting concaves pour down a flood of light. At the north end is a raised and railed platform, and over the ante-rooms and offices is a pleasant gallery.

The Board of Trade was organized in 1863, at which time the annual aggregate amount of business of the city was represented by the sum of \$28,000,000. In 1871 it had increased to \$70,000,000, in 1872 the grand total of trade is set down in the Report of the Board at \$88,398,917, and a report for the year 1873 placed the aggregate business of the city at \$113,984,275.

The external dimensions of the building are 145 x 60 feet, the first story being 13 feet, the second story 14 feet, and the third, as stated, 33½ feet high.

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The opening of the Annual Exhibition of the American Institute took place on Wednesday, the 8th inst., at the Hall on Third Avenue, between Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth Streets, New York. The opening ceremonies consisted of a brief address by one of the Trustees, Hon. M. C. Ely, and music. The exhibition will not be complete for two or three weeks, and at the opening, with the exception of Matthews's Soda Fountains, and the cast-iron fountain exhibited last year, and a small house showing samples of wall-paper made from wood, the tables and stands were unoccupied. The real ceremonies of the opening will take place some evening not yet decided on, when addresses may be expected from the President of the Institute, Hon. Orestes Cleveland, Vice-President Wilson, Dr. Geo. B. Loring, and others.

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Schwarz Advertisers Toy Stores in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore. Christmas is coming.

We call attention to the card of Messrs. BRICKWALTER & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 10 Wall Street, New York, whom we are informed are a most reliable firm, and that any business entrusted to them will be promptly executed. They are large dealers in Railroad Stocks, Bonds, Gold and Stock Privileges and can give the best of references; and they solicit correspondence with any who may wish investments made in Wall Street. Send for their Circular.

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It is an absurd but very common error to suppose that a disordered condition of the liver can be remedied by a simple cathartic. Such is, however, far from being the case. Cathartics do not touch the liver at all. It is only when (as in the case of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters) the laxative principle is combined with tonic and stimulative elements, that the great secretory gland is directly acted upon. The Bitters, although sufficiently laxative to relieve the bowels moderately, do not owe their antibilious effects to purgation merely, but to their power of rousing the liver from its inaction and impelling it to secrete and distribute the bile in sufficient quantities for the purposes of digestion and evacuation. Its effect upon the stomach and bowels is such as to insure the regular discharge of the functions named, and prevent abstraction or vitiation of the biliary fluid—in other words, to secure entirely co-operation with the liver.

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Lady Jane Franklin and Princess Fredrica of Hanover, two beautiful historic characters, and both possessed of unusual personal charms, are portrayed in FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL this week. The Autumnal season brings with it the changes in toilet, and the ladies will find in No. 202—now just out—full and accurate descriptions and representations of what New Yorkers are wearing, in Indoor Toilets, Hats, Dressing Sacks, Outdoor Toilets for both grown folks and children, and Walking Costumes, illustrated by over twenty engravings. "The Squire's Legacy" is continued. "Kathleen," "A Roman Girl," and "Colonel Damer," given complete. A page-engraving—"After the Day's Work"—is suggestive of the severe trials of the poorly paid music-teacher. London "Punch" is represented by "Rather Vague," and London "Fun" by "The New Model," and "Sparks of Mirth" are bright as usual. The LADY'S JOURNAL is sold by all newsdealers for 10 cents per copy; is sent to any address by the publisher one year for \$4.00, three months for \$1.00, or single copies 10 cents, post-paid. Address, Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

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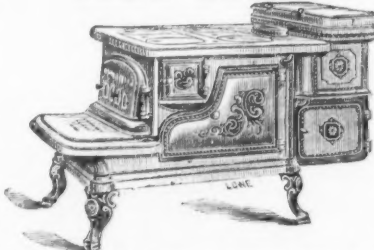
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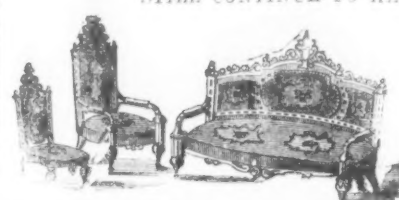
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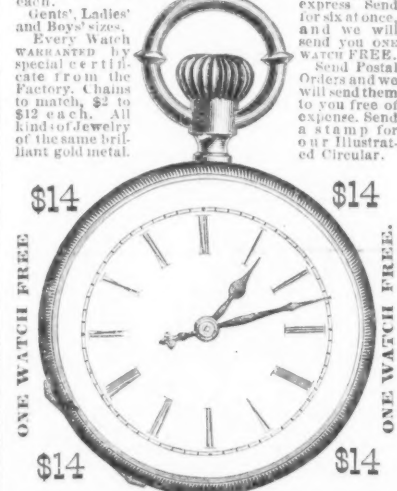
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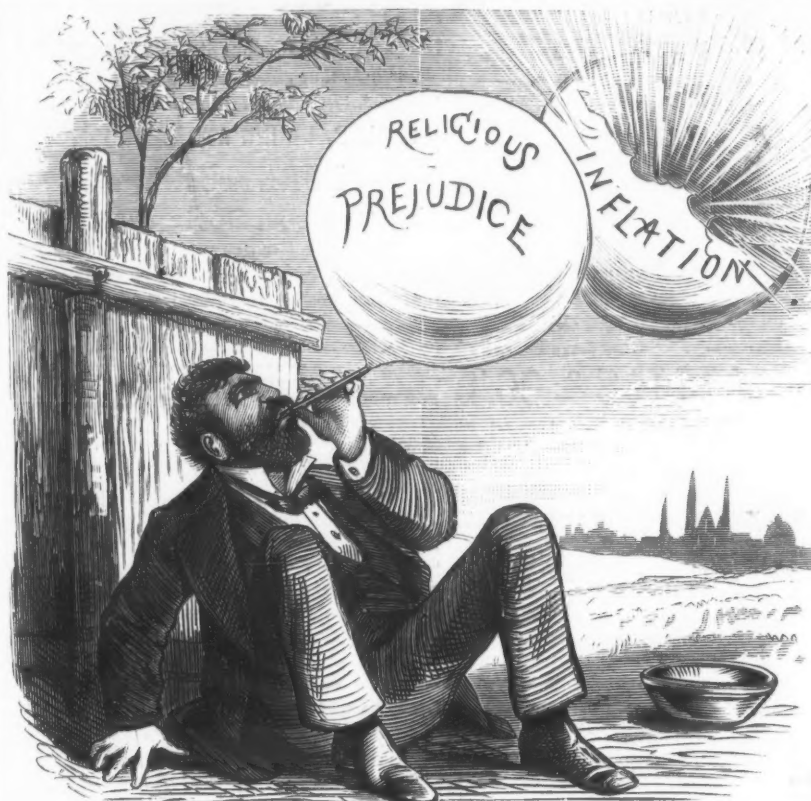
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